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THE WORK OF THE DEMOCRATIC HOUSE

BY CHAMP CLARK

THE Democratic House has, during the extraordinary session of Congress, made a record so excellent as to surprise its friends and dumfound its enemies. Its superb discipline, its industry, its demonstrated capacity for work, its unanimity on all great questions, seems to be exceedingly pleasing to the masses of our people. For years we had been sneered at as a party of mere negation, as being absolutely without the faculty of constructive statesmanship. The House has taken away from the party that great reproach, and in four months has passed more constructive legislation than any House has passed in the same length of time in two decades. This has utterly amazed our Republican friends who had really worked themselves up to believe that we could do nothing, even if we had a majority. We have kept the faith; we have fought a good fight; we have redeemed or are in process of redeeming every promise we made in order to win the election in 1910. Most emphatically the House of Representatives is justified by its works.

The principal promises on which we won the election were these:

First, to pass a resolution submitting a Constitutional

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amendment providing for the popular election of United States Senators. So far as the House is concerned that has been done.

Second, to pass a bill compelling the publication of campaign expenses before the election. That too has been done.

Third, to admit New Mexico and Arizona as two States. That has been done.

Fourth, to revise and liberalize the rules of the House. That also has been done.

Fifth, to revise the tariff downward to a revenue basis. A fine start has been made in that direction. We have accomplished as much in that regard as was possible in the time in which we were in session if it were to be done scientifically and intelligently.

Sixth, to economize in the public expense. We have begun to perform that great task.

When we made these promises they were sneered at by standpat Republicans. They are sneering no longer. All these six things promised were good within themselves. Their redemption marks an epoch in legislative history. There never yet has been a good reason urged against the election of United States Senators by popular vote. There is no more reason why a Representative, Governor, State Senator, constable or any other officer should be elected by popular vote than there is why a United States Senator should be so elected. What is a Senator? He is simply a representative of his constituents—that is, he should be—just as is a member of the House. He has a longer term. The duties of Senators and Representatives are identical, with these exceptions: First, the House, and the House alone, can originate revenue bills; the Senate alone ratifies treaties; the Senate alone votes on the confirmation of Presidential appointees; the House originates impeachment proceedings, sitting as a grand jury, and the Senate, sitting as a petit jury, tries the cases.

The average American—no matter to what political party he belongs—is honest. He believes that elections should be honestly conducted, and that too much money has been spent in recent years in elections. Therefore he has made up his mind to put an end to that degrading and demoralizing practice. Some people believe that this cannot be accomplished, but the majority believe that it can and will be accomplished. Several of the States have passed

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measures to prevent corruption in elections. These laws to a large extent have proved beneficial, and the Federal laws on that subject will also prove beneficial. There is a well-authenticated case in the days of Charles James Fox, Burke and the younger Pitt, where one man spent 20,000 pounds sterling for his seat in the House of Commons. Yet in the last Parliament they threw out a member who had several hundred majority because his mother gave a dinner to a dozen of his constituents during the campaign.

By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo a speedy admission of New Mexico into the Union was promised. Both New Mexico and Arizona have populations larger than several States had when they were admitted into the Union even in recent times. They have been knocking at the doors of Congress for admission for a generation. It is a shame that they have been kept out so long.

When the Democrats and the Insurgent Republicans in the Sixty-first Congress were making their great fight to liberalize the rules it was confidently asserted that the House of Representatives could not be conducted in decency and in order and business transacted with despatch without the despotic system then in vogue. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding these assertions, we have liberalized the rules, we have made the committees elective by the House, we have transacted the public business with despatch and have thoroughly demonstrated the efficacy of the reforms which we advocated. The Committee on Rules has been called on only two or three times to exercise the function of bringing in special rules. The testimony is to the effect that there has never been better order maintained in the House than during this extraordinary session, and this is due, to a large extent, to the uniform courtesy and kindness with which every member of the House, without reference to politics, has supported the new Speaker in maintaining order under the liberalized rules.

Economy, like charity, should begin at home, and that is precisely where the House began to economize. It abolished the offices of some hundred or more supernumeraries, thereby saving their salaries, in the neighborhood of $200,000 a year, to the people. Of course, as the appropriations had already been made for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, before we came in, there has been very little opportunity for economies, and there will not be much opportunity

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until we begin on the regular appropriation bills for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913, but we have made a good start.

The tariff question, like the poor, we have with us always. In its scope and ramifications it is a vast and most intricate subject. We concluded that it was better to revise it schedule by schedule than in a wholesale bill, thereby reducing the evils of log-rolling to a minimum. Our success proves the correctness of our theory. We passed, by a majority of more than two to one, a bill revising Schedule K on wool and woolens. The same is true with reference to our bill reducing the duties on manufactures of cotton. These bills were constructed so scientifically and intelligently as to receive the commendation of the public to an extraordinary degree. We also passed what in popular parlance is called the "farmers' free list bill," curing many iniquities of the Payne bill. In addition to this, we passed the reciprocity bill, every Democrat voting for it except eleven, while President Taft with his enormous patronage could not muster a majority of the House of Republicans for it, either in the Sixty-first or Sixty-second Congress.

We did not invoke a special rule in the consideration and passage of any of these tariff bills. They were thrown open to amendment and debate in every section and in every line, yet in every case the bill passed as it was reported by the Ways and Means Committee and endorsed by the Democratic caucus. The Senate passed the reciprocity bill, Democrats leading the fight and furnishing most of the votes. The Senate, composed of forty Democrats and fifty Republicans, has passed the House bill revising Schedule K, with certain amendments, and also the farmers' free list bill, with a few amendments, every Democrat voting for the wool and woolens bill, and every Democrat except one voting for the farmers' free list bill. At the time of writing the farmers' free list bill and the wool and woolens bill are now in conference with the chances of an agreement between the two Houses on both of them. The House passed the bill reducing the duties on manufactures of cotton by a vote of 202 to 91. Judging the immediate future by the immediate past, the Senate will pass that too, with amendments, and it will go to conference, and an agreement will be had in all human probability. All three of these bills will go to the President for his signature. It would require the powers of vaticina-

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tion of one of the greatest of the major prophets to predict what he will do in the premises, and I shall not prophesy in that regard. Except as to some minor matters, this is the record of the Democratic House up to the present writing. It is a magnificent record—one which will give us victory in 1912 and for years to come, because it is on the record that we are making that the battles of the immediate future must be fought.

The House Democrats have not only stuck together during this session, but they have come to have a pride in sticking together. To use a military phrase, the *morale* of the House Democrats is not only surprising but highly beneficial and augurs well for the future. "Judge a tree by its fruits" is a rule established by highest authority. We are willing to be measured by that standard. We would not dodge it if we could, and we could not if we would. We are proud of it, and upon it we confidently appeal to the good sense, fair-mindedness and patriotism of the American people.

In these bills which we have passed we did not go as far as some good citizens and good Democrats thought we ought to go, but, as we were trying to pass bills through the House which we hoped would become laws, thereby ameliorating the condition of the people, instead of playing politics by passing bills through the House which we had no hope of being enacted into law, we had to consider five ordeals through which every bill would have to pass: First, the Committee on Ways and Means; second, the Democratic caucus; third, the House of Representatives; fourth, the Senate; fifth, the President. From the beginning we never lost hope that if the House passed good bills the Senate would agree to them and the President would sign them.

In addition to all this we had to keep steadily in mind the fact that somehow Congress must provide revenue with which to run the Government. No patriotic American wants to see the Government crippled in the full exercise of any legitimate function. Confronted with a Republican Senate and a Republican President and surrounded by the circumstances just set forth, we did the best we could, and, judging from the tone of the public press and from individual expressions of opinion, not only from nearly all Democrats, but from many Independents and many Republicans, we have done well indeed. We have steadily sought what seemed to be the attainable.

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One reason why we have succeeded so well is that, at the time when nobody expected an extraordinary session to be called, in order to prepare tariff bills during the period from the 4th of March until the first Monday of December, we called a caucus of the Democratic members-elect to the Sixty-second Congress for the 19th of January, 1911—a thing unprecedented in Congressional annals. This caucus was called for the purpose, chiefly, of selecting the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee. Much fun was poked at us for so doing. One of the most brilliant Washington correspondents telegraphed to his paper denominating it as my "crazy scheme," predicting that few of the new members would attend and that we would break up in a fight. Many prophecies of similar tenor were made by sundry prophets, but, lo and behold! when the night of the 19th of January arrived, out of a total Democratic membership-elect of 227 members, 220 were present, and the other seven accounted for as sick or unavoidably absent. I was unanimously nominated for Speaker at that caucus — the first Democrat so nominated for a first term. The Democratic members of the Committee on Ways and Means were unanimously elected by the caucus after full and free debate, and Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, was unanimously elected Chairman of that committee by the caucus itself.

At that caucus the Committee on Ways and Means was empowered to nominate to succeeding caucuses the members of all the committees, with a provision that each committee should elect its own Chairman. All committees were made elective by the House itself. The fortunate fact of having called that caucus on the 19th of January, when we did not expect an extra session and because we did not expect it, enabled us to get things in working order at the earliest possible date, as it gave the Ways and Means Committee two months and a half to select the other committees, and to assemble the statistics and information on which to begin the onerous and important duty of formulating tariff bills. Nobody with a clear conscience can charge us with having proceeded with undue haste in revising the tariff so far as we have gone. It is practically seven months since caucus, and we have proceeded with such circumspection and care that, barring the farmers' free list bill and the reciprocity bill, we have revised only two

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schedules out of fourteen, and we will proceed with the work of revision as expeditiously as possible, all the circumstances considered, until we have accomplished this large undertaking. The fact is well worth noting in this connection, and as showing the trend of public opinion, that, while we have only sixty-five Democratic majority in the House, we have passed these bills through the House with majorities of more than two to one, which means that on each bill some twenty-five or thirty Republicans voted with us. It is fair and just to them to say that they did not vote for our bills because they loved the Democratic party, but because they believed that our bills show great improvements on corresponding portions of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. It is equally clear that none of our bills could have been put through the Senate, even with amendments, without the aid of Republican Senators. We welcome aid from these Republican Senators and Representatives, or from any other source, in the righteous work of revising the tariff. Republicans who have voted with us in the House and Senate have demonstrated their love of justice in a most courageous manner.

Another thing which has contributed largely to our success in the House is that the new members are a type of men of an unusually fine order of ability to have come in in a landslide. They have taken hold of the work like veterans and have rendered valuable services. Finally, it is only simple justice to state that, while the House Democrats with their large majority have done remarkably well, our Democratic brethren in the Senate, though laboring under the handicap of being in the minority, are working together and doing so well that the prospects are, for the first time in twenty years, that we will go into a Presidential fight with a united party, conquering and to conquer.

CHAMP CLARK.

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NAVIES AS INTERNATIONAL FACTORS—III

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

In an article contributed by me to the North American in May last, I had occasion to mention the purpose of the German Government concerning the scope and development of its naval policy and the numbers of the fleet commensurate with that policy. This purpose was formulated in a law which as first passed, in 1900, was operative over a term of many years then, and to some extent now, still future. The principle underlying was expressed in a preamble which stated that it was essential to possess a navy of such force that to incur hostilities with it would jeopardize the supremacy of the greatest naval power—a parliamentary way of designating Great Britain without the personality of mentioning a name.

Upon this principle, which may be defined as that of securing national peace, coupled with power to take at any time such international action as the policy of the moment might dictate, the constitution and numbers of the prospective German fleet were decided. Germany has abounded in assurances that the progress of her navy from year to year has no reference to the current ship-building programme of Great Britain. This statement is doubtless literally true; and is to be reconciled with the preamble above quoted by the fact that, having then considered the present and probable future of British naval development, and the wide-spread naval and colonial responsibilities of the British Empire, it was possible to reach a very close approximation to the numbers and character of the vessels needed to meet the requirements of the German policy avowed. As a matter of fact, the result has been that the standard of British naval construction has been set in Germany; not that of German construction in Great Britain, except in the original design.

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It is not necessary to know the precise reasoning by which the responsible German authorities reached the exact constitution and numbers laid down by them as corresponding to the principle. The reasoning may have been faulty; the conclusion erroneous,—inadequate or exaggerated. Indeed, that it was imperfect is testified by some subsequent amendments, not many, known as *novellæ*. Modification is inherent in all designs which have in them a principle of life, and in this the German scheme has illustrated the common lot; but the comprehensive precision of the principle, combined with the particular feature of legislative expenditure predetermined for many years, which is alien to American and British theory, have preserved consistency and harmony of action. In this the German result contrasts strongly with the fits and starts characteristic of government by party, of annual appropriations unenlightened by any continuous definiteness of scheme, in which regard to the votes of the voters takes precedence of regard to the interests of the voters—that is, of the nation.

I guard myself, of course, from expressing any serious dissent from the method of the United States and of Great Britain, in annual appropriations controlled by the legislature of each successive year. It is in accord with the genius of their institutions, and therefore best suited to their practice; while it possesses the incontestable merit of preserving the guardianship of the purse which is the foundation of their edifice of liberty. In short, it is consistent with their whole scheme of government; while the drawback, that expenditures are viewed not with a single eye to national needs, but with a double regard to that and to the next election, is equally characteristic and perhaps equally essential to government by the people.

The difference between this method and the German is that which naturally exists between governments where the executive preponderates and that where the legislature does; and the result accordingly is greater executive efficiency in the one and less in the other. Representative Germans deprecate government by party. Experience shows that they are right, so far as executive results are concerned; and it is an important question for consideration whether, in the present tendency of the world, executive efficiency is not about to become the most essential attribute of government. More and more, in our individualistic

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scheme of popular government, we are feeling, and legislation is showing, the need of governmental, that is, of executive, control. That such control depends upon legislation does not invalidate the fact that in exercise it is an executive function.

The unsteadiness of naval policy dependent upon party government has received recent conspicuous illustration in Great Britain, the country which most of all depends upon naval efficiency. The particular feature of British government, that the executive is a commission chosen from the legislature, thus qualifying the opposition of idea between executive and legislative functions, has not prevented the policy of a party, appealing for popular support, from bidding for such support by economies, real or apparent; the reaction from which, itself the reflection of popular alarm, is found in a one year's sudden immense increase of expenditure. In our own government, where legislature and executive, though co-ordinate, are distinct in person as in function, each must lean naturally to the support of the functions which are intrusted to it. The executive cannot but desire means fully adequate to the duties laid upon it; it will tend to err, if at all, by excess of demand in this direction. The legislature, controlling the expenditure, and responsible for its provision, will tend naturally to contest the executive estimates, even though it may in other directions be itself extravagant, for reasons more or less open to criticism.

Taking Germany and Great Britain for momentary comparison in respect of effective co-operation between executive and legislature, it may justly be said that the former illustrates a measured, graduated progress, dependent upon principle, and upon calculation based on principle; whereas the other, while certainly not without a general conviction of the need of naval supremacy, which does rough duty as a principle, does not possess that definiteness of conception which results in a fixed and calculated policy. The "Two Power Standard" and "The two keels for one"—that is, two ships laid down for Germany's one—are phrases with a meaning; but, although the former is in essence more than a century old, neither represents a process of reasoning. They are simply snap judgments; not the outcome of mental consideration, acting upon known factors deliberately weighed and measured.

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The German principle—I speak of the principle only, neither criticizing nor indorsing the calculations based upon it—possesses among other merits the very great one of asserting with absolute clearness that the constitution and numbers of a navy are not a matter of domestic policy, but of foreign relations. I lay stress upon this, because I conceive, and further on shall attempt to show, that failure clearly to recognize this is the fundamental defect in naval policy as realized in the United States. It underlies the battledoor-and-shuttlecock contest, of one, or two, or more annual battle-ships, played between executive and legislature; or between opposing members in the legislature. Germany, says the declaration above quoted, needs a navy of such strength that the greatest naval power will not lightly incur hostilities. That certainly is a purely international consideration. It has nothing to do with German domestic affairs, except to indicate their dependence upon international security based upon armed force. It does not mean that Germany wants to fight Great Britain; even less that she imagines that in 1914 with sixteen *Dreadnoughts* she can successfully meet the British twenty-two, if these be concentrated. What it means is, that if Germany wishes to carry a point of foreign policy to which Great Britain objects—and their interests are markedly contrary in several quarters—Great Britain, despite her superior fleet, will think more than twice before her resistance takes the ultimate form of force, because that may mean war.

Men readily imagine that there has been no war when there has been no bloodshed, no fighting. War in modern conception and practice is business, not fighting. It is carrying a point through the opponent's sense of inability to resist. The less the fighting, the better the business; just as in a campaign of actual war the manœuvering which attains a result without fighting, by strategic dispositions placing a superior force in a point of decisive vantage, is more creditable than the bloodiest of head-on victories. Two hundred years ago a great French admiral said, "The best victories are those which cost least in blood, hemp and iron"—in life and in material.

These thoughts should be commonplaces; but they are not, because they are not common to most men. Austria, as a matter of international policy, three years ago assumed by force full sovereignty over Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was

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a lawless act, in that it disregarded a treaty which was part of the public law of Europe; but it was justifiable, because it was evident that if in the Turkish revolution the Young Turks obtained control—as they have—they would have contested the conclusion. Under the new conditions, the continued existence of Turkish suzerainty over the two provinces would involve international friction, just as Turkish suzerainty over Crete, an empty yet vexatious political fact, has caused and is still causing much trouble and is pregnant of more. Turkey's recent purchase of two out-of-date German battle-ships is meant primarily to insure that Crete shall not go the way of her Balkan provinces.

The annexation by Austria was a change of political relation rather than of actual tenure; but all the same it was an act of war. When Russia and Great Britain showed resentment, and France discontent, Germany threw her sword into the balance. It would have been heavier if her fleet had progressed farther, but it was heavy enough. There was again war, but no bloodshed. Results were accomplished; but by force, however disguised. Bulgaria seized the same opportunity to cast off the Turkish suzerainty. Again force, war in all but striking; but Bulgaria was armed. Unlucky Greece, and still more unhappy Crete, were caught unprepared, or else were controlled successfully by the Western powers, so that the same opportunity slipped away from them unimproved. The most appealing and rightful of all political motives, the desire of two kindred and neighboring communities to come under one government, and of one of them to escape an alien bond, is denied; and they themselves have cause for regret that the hour found them unprepared. This very unreadiness is possibly the best justification for the continuance of that force which retains the Cretans still the nominal subjects of Turkey.

These instances have a special interest because they illustrate both why nations use force, and how law is incapable of meeting difficulties which force solves; not only easily, but finally, and for the best. By law Bosnia and Herzegovina belonged to Turkey, but were in Austrian occupation. It was expedient, beyond question, that the tenant should become the owner, but what law can be evoked to compel the transfer? Diplomacy may arrange, a tribunal can only decide. The change of Bulgaria to an independent from a tributary state was equally a transfer of ownership; beyond

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law, though not beyond diplomacy, nor the force which is an expression of diplomatic factors. The continued dependence of Crete upon Turkey, instead of her desired incorporation with Greece, is the maintenance of a lawful ownership. No judge can reverse the facts or construe otherwise the law; but before the higher law of the reasonable wishes of the people affected it is a blatant iniquity.

More almost than armies, which in these changes were the instruments of forcible yet beneficent adjustments, navies are instruments of international relations. They are so more purely, because a navy, as has long been recognized, can scarcely be used to oppress the people of its country in their domestic conditions, as armies have been. While thus more strictly international, the scope of navies is also far wider. They can be felt where the national armies cannot go, except under naval protection. Just here it becomes necessary to point out a further distinction, which closely affects the United States and shows more clearly how entirely the navy, and consequently the numbers and constitution of the navy, is a matter to be determined by international considerations and not merely by those which are domestic and internal to the country. Exactly as a navy cannot be used as an instrument of domestic oppression, so in international affairs it is less effective for aggression than armies are; yet to a State whose frontiers are maritime, and to the external interests of such a State, it is because of its mobility more effective as a defensive force—for protection. The United States has neither the tradition nor the design to act aggressively beyond seas, but she has very important transmarine interests which need protection, as well as two home coasts separated by a great intervening space and open to attack.

The question for the United States, as regards the size of its navy, is not so much what it desires to accomplish as what it is willing or not willing to concede. For instance, we have shown plainly that we are unwilling to concede anything as regards the control of the Panama Canal, even to discuss the right to fortify it. The Monroe Doctrine, too, is only a claim to maintain security for that which we possess. In no sense does it propose to add to our holdings. How far is the country prepared to be obliged to concede on these points, because unready to maintain them by organized force?

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It is upon such general considerations that the naval policy of a nation should be constituted. But the snare which the proverb asserts to lie in generalities must be recognized. A principle is essentially a generality. It is in the application of it to a concrete case that the difficulty lies. In that before us, the constitution and numbers of the necessary fleet is the result, to be sought by the application of the principle to the national conditions. Thus may be reached a defined and accepted policy, which, though lacking the regulated provision for a somewhat distant future which German institutions permit and have formulated, will nevertheless exercise over legislation a control that in result will be similar. The State will not contract a definite obligation to be fulfilled by successive legislatures, bound as by the interest of a debt, as Germany has done; but a definite standard may nevertheless be reached, and take such hold upon legislative and popular acceptance as will insure the same result without infringing the independence of each successive legislature. That such a result, of national purpose, can be reached, is shown by the general popular acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine as a national policy. The Monroe Doctrine in itself is a formulated principle; its successive developments have been applications of the principle. As German and French writers have aptly said, navies and armies should be national in the sense that their constitution and numbers reflect a national policy.

Germany has reached such a result. The chain of reasoning which has led to the precise figures is not known; but the first link, the principle, and the last, the application, are known. They affirm essentially that the determination of the aggregate strength of the navy is not merely, nor chiefly, a naval professional attribute; much less a technical one. The decision belongs specifically and above all to those upon whom rests the responsibility of sustaining the international policies of the country. It therefore cannot be governed by naval considerations only, nor by naval men; nor yet solely by the civil committees which in the national legislature represent naval considerations and control naval affairs, narrowly so called. Military and naval provision, to be correct, must reflect the international necessities of the country. Therefore, there must enter into these provisions the voices of those who do, or should, make it their business to understand the feelings of other nations and the temper

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of their governments, which are the essential facts of international relations. With these are to be correlated the feelings of the people of the United States on specific subjects of international friction or ambitions.

The duties of legislation entail as a necessity the subdivision of the whole under special committees. But specialization has its dangers as well as its advantages, and there will exist always two complementary tendencies—that of the special committee to regard its subject as open to no intrusion, to be its business alone, and that of outside members to concede this claim and shove the matter out of their minds with the impression that the responsibility is off their shoulders—which is a mistake. The mistake, however, is so facile and so injurious that some provision is necessary to insure co-operation between committees whose subjects are related, and also between the committees themselves and the executive officers who are concerned with the same subject or subjects.

From what has been said it should be clear that foreign affairs and naval affairs have a close inter-connection, as well as that each has its own particular sphere of action which does not directly concern the other. All technical considerations, such as tonnage, armament, speed, as well as professional considerations touching the personnel, are in a somewhat narrow sense the attribute of the Committee on Naval Affairs, as committees. This condition does not exclude in any way the right and duty of any individual member of Congress to attempt to influence these upon the floor of the Houses, but it does indicate a line of severance between the functions of the naval and other committees. But questions of the aggregate power of the navy, and the consequent necessary ratio of annual increase; of the "life" of the heavier ships—that is, their period of useful existence, which evidently bears upon the power of the fleet; of the constitution of the fleet amid several classes of vessels—armored ships, cruisers, torpedo vessels, and so forth; all these bear upon the power of the nation to hold its course of policy amid the complications of international relations, as well as to insure the protection of its own home coasts and of its transmarine responsibilities. They therefore imply a knowledge, not merely of the actual naval force of other States, but of the temper and ambitions of their people and rulers, which ought to be the study, not of

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the Department of State only, but of the committees on foreign affairs. I apprehend that nowhere does the separation between the co-ordinate branches of our government operate more disastrously than in the sphere of foreign relations; for this is the subject from which the average congressman most easily releases his conscience, because it is of the least interest to his constituents and its importance has not come home to his own consciousness.

Mutual intrusion of the several committees upon one another's deliberations would waste time and not tend to harmony. What is needed to meet the exigency is a formal provision by which they shall come together either as bodies or by representative members for consultation and interchange of views; that the conclusions of the naval committees upon data peculiar to their own special information and procedure should be duly affected by other data not similarly at their disposal. The naval policy of the country as regards the power of the fleet will not be properly ordered until an arrangement is made by which the foreign relations and naval factors are co-ordinated in some procedure in which both are considered; not only separately, but in connection one with the other. Why one annual battle-ship? or why two? is not a naval question chiefly, if at all. It is a political question, in the sphere of foreign relations. For similar reasons it is necessary that in such procedure the executive and the legislative branches both be represented; for while co-ordinate, and perhaps even because co-ordinate, it is true, as before pointed out, that each represents views contrasted and, in measure, even opposing. Mutual discussion, face to face, is the best remedy for such ills, the best provision to elicit a solution in which the several factors are properly adjusted into a whole, corresponding as nearly as may be to the nation's requirements.

A very striking recognition of the advantage of the course here advocated is to be found in the recent Imperial Conference between Great Britain and her four self-governing dependencies—Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa—in May and June last. While many matters of common interest were proposed and discussed, it is known that a dominating consideration in this as in its predecessors was that of Imperial Defense, and the best means of effecting this by a fixed co-operation established between the

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five communities affected. By general admission, the most significant feature of the procedure was the communication of the actual state of foreign relations and their bearing upon the policy of the Empire to the representatives of the several dominions by the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In fact, for this occasion the over-sea members of the Conference sat conjointly in secret session with the British Committee on Imperial Defense, the constitution of which will be given later, and of which the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs is a principal member. The connection between foreign relations and the general question of imperial defense by navy and army could scarcely be more signally illustrated, and this view is confirmed by the expressed appreciation of several of the colonial representatives.

It seems so obvious that the military and naval development of the nation are in some measure co-ordinate that I have thought it inexpedient to devote any of my space to the elaboration of this thought; the more so that it appears to me less important, and at the same time more obviously apparent to ordinary impression, than the relation existing between naval affairs and diplomacy, in the broad sense which covers all foreign relations. To countries situated as are the United States and Great Britain, the element of force in international relations is represented primarily by their navies, though the armies also have their share. It has been well said that the great strength of Great Britain in the Seven Years' War, which determined the future of North America and of India as they are to-day, was that the three co-ordinate factors, army, diplomacy and navy, were in the hands of one man—the first Pitt. The same was true in reduced measure of Frederick and Napoleon, though neither wielded a navy; a fact which was their weakness.

In the long run, however, for purposes of deliberation, one man is never equal to several men. We note easily the force of a one-man power; but, when he is great and distinguished, in the blaze of his efficiency we realize less easily, though we perfectly well know, the ultimate weakness of unconditioned authority. A dictator may be well enough for six months; for perpetuity and ordinary occasions let us have equals. My old instructor in navigation used to say that the average of a dozen observations is safer than to trust one you think particularly excellent. This is the theory

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of popular and of representative government in a nutshell. The average judgment of all the people is in the long run better than the judgment of the one wisest. But when deliberation is followed by execution, the responsibility of action should be individual.

What is needed, therefore, is not an autocrat, even though he hold power at the will of the people, but a body in which the army, foreign relations and the navy are adequately represented; and at the same time the co-ordinate, yet opposed, functions of government—the executive and the legislature. In Great Britain this result was reached some dozen years ago by the institution of a committee of the cabinet called the Defense Committee. It is presided over by the head of the government, the Prime Minister, and includes always those members of the cabinet to whom in our system correspond the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Treasury. Other members are the Secretaries for the Colonies and for India. To these civil representatives are added four military, two army and two navy. Like the others, these two are *ex-officio;* being the chief among those concerned with the organization, direction and efficiency of the two military services.

Foreign and colonial interests, which combined constitute the imperial interests of the State, are thus united under one consultative body; and to this civil membership is added adequate representation of the military services. The total, eleven, is more compact than would be possible to us, because each of the civilian members is necessarily in the legislature, as well as charged with executive functions. There therefore is no need to make special provision for representation of the legislature, as there would be if a like scheme were adopted in the United States; for, as has been said, in such a body it is necessary to combine not only civil and military, but executive and legislature in one matured, harmonious decision.

The advisability of adopting such a measure does not rest upon the example of the one other great democratic country besides our own, but upon considerations such as those imperfectly developed in the body of this article. Nevertheless, the need of which the British Defense Committee is the exponent is as real here as there, and it has been satisfied in large measure by the Defense Committee.

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A bill is now before Congress constituting a similar body to be styled a Council of National Defense, with a membership of fourteen. In general principle the proposed constitution of this body represents the same elements as the British—executive, legislature, army, and navy. The most marked difference is that the Secretary of State does not appear in the American scheme. This to me appears regrettable, as not duly recognizing the fundamental consideration of the close connection between foreign relations and military development. We also have no functionary equivalent to the British Prime Minister. The British Chief Executive is first among equals, has colleagues; the American President has none. Yet as constitutional Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy he probably has an indefeasible right to take the headship of any such body, while also in himself he sums up all the cabinet attributes, including diplomacy, army and navy. Should he take the chair in the meetings, all demands would be represented in his one person, while all necessary detailed information would be represented, *ex-officio,* by the combination of members. What better provision could be made for counsel to be followed by action?

A. T. MAHAN.

NOTE.—In the *Atlantic Monthly* for August Sir William White, for nearly twenty years chief constructor of the British navy, writes: "Efficient and economical administration of any navy can be achieved only when annual estimates *form part of a complete scheme,* embracing the creation and maintenance of a war fleet adequate for the defense of the country to which it belongs. That scheme may be modified from time to time, but it should be always in existence."

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ASPECTS OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

II

For a municipality to own and operate a public utility is always a simpler proceeding than to devise proper regulations for its conduct in private hands. And just because of its simplicity those who have mastered the fallacy of the short cut in politics will incline to suspect it. The easy solution is usually the wrong solution; and nothing can be easier or apparently more final than to get rid of the problems propounded by the private ownership of public enterprises by abolishing private ownership altogether. There is a completeness in such a plan that appeals to the type of reformer who likes all his remedies to be annihilating, and who has not yet educated himself above the notion of a political cure-all. Its attractiveness, moreover, is particularly felt by those who are engaged in the actual work of municipal administration and who naturally like to have under their own management large undertakings that minister to their sense of self-importance. The unthinking multitude, again, is drawn toward the expedient of public ownership partly because its civic pride is tickled by a great bustle of municipal activity, and partly because it sees no other way of escape from the abuses that have been permitted to accumulate on the workings of private enterprise. It rarely stops to consider whether these abuses are amenable to correction; it may almost be said to assume they are not; and it finds itself committed to the advocacy of municipalization as the readiest and most obviously visible alternative to the undoubted shortcomings that have accompanied the management of public services by private corporations. But that, I submit, is to proceed upon a partial and mistaken diagnosis. The real issue is not between public and private ownership; it is between public owner-

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ship and a better, an attainably better, system of regulating private ownership in the public interests. The distinction is vital. It alters the whole nature of the problem, and suggests the possibility of approaching it from a third and usually a neglected angle. That is to say, it puts into the forefront of the discussion not the abolition of private ownership, but its amelioration; not the reversal of a policy, but the preservation of its excellences and the removal of its incidental defects. To abandon a familiar arrangement because here and there it may be shown to work badly, and to rush to adopt its exact opposite, is not statesmanship but abdication of statesmanship. In the United States—or so at least it appears to a foreign onlooker—the private management of public utilities has displayed both its greatest strength and its greatest weakness; it has won there triumphs such as it has gained nowhere else, and it has also developed abuses that go considerably beyond the experience of Europe. What the world expects from Americans, so far as this problem is especially concerned, is that they will demonstrate the possibility of maintaining the benefits of private ownership while doing away with its disadvantages; that they will prove that its drawbacks are not fundamental and inherent, but the result of faulty conditions that can and should be remedied; and that they will thus evolve a rational working compromise that will retain the best points of both systems.

The question then, in this particular aspect of it, resolves itself into a consideration of the terms on which public utility franchises should be granted to individuals or corporations. That terms of some sort there should be, that a municipality, for instance, cannot without a gross sacrifice of public rights make a free gift of what is essentially the property of all the citizens to a group of private contractors, is now pretty generally agreed. Mr. Hugo R. Myer, at the close of a patient and destructive analysis of the workings of a municipal ownership in Great Britain, does, indeed, advance the doctrine that public service industries, using the public streets, are not really different from ordinary trading and manufacturing ventures and ought not, therefore, to be "subjected to special limitations and special taxation designed to secure to the public at large a share in their profits." But that is a doctrine at least as extreme as any that has yet been put forward by the advo-

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cates of municipalization at any price. It is a doctrine of anarchy; it is reminiscent of a by-gone age when economists pinned their faith to competition as the cure for all ills; it would result in practice in placing all local self-government and all public rights at the mercy of industrialized capitalism. Sisyphus was a very Kitchener of practicality, and the Danaides wise virgins improving the hours and engaged in a hopeful and useful occupation by the side of a twentieth-century economist who would endeavor to persuade the average citizen in any intelligent democracy that a corporation which is entitled to tear up the streets for the purpose of laying car lines, electric wires, a telephone system, gas or water pipes, does not occupy toward the community a totally different position from that of a manufacturer of gloves or motor-cars. The natural and inevitable tendency of all undertakings that set out to supply the public with such commodities as gas, electric light, water or street-cars is to become monopolies. The character of these commodities is such that, in furnishing them, effective competition is impossible. What is more, the public are far better served and their convenience is far more efficiently promoted when corporations dealing in what may fairly be regarded as necessaries of modern life obtain a complete control of the particular utility it is their aim to supply. A city in which half a dozen gas or electric-lighting companies had the right to lay their connections through the same streets in which the transportation system was split up among a number of disjointed and competing corporations, or in which rival telephone exchanges fought for an exclusive business and denied to one another any cooperation of facilities, would be a city that might better be described as a chaos. From the consumers' standpoint, from that of the local authorities, and from that of the corporations themselves, it is in every way preferable that in any given area each public utility should be under a single control. But the argument from convenience and uniformity is enormously reinforced by the argument from experience; and experience has, I think, conclusively proved not only that the effort to preserve real competition in such services as lighting and transportation results in an intolerable nuisance to the citizens, but that it altogether fails in its main object—fails, that is to say, to avert or destroy, though it sometimes hinders, the deep-seated economic rush

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toward consolidation. The experiment has been tried again and again, and it has always broken down. One may, therefore, with some confidence assert that the supply of the main public services—such as water, gas, electric light, street railways, telephones and telegraphs—must be, and ought to be, in the hands of monopolies. But this necessarily monopolistic character of municipal utilities differentiates them at once from the ordinary trades in which prices are more or less regulated by competition. A consumer can change his grocer or his tailor whenever he pleases, but he cannot change his water-supply, and the monopolies that furnish him with the goods that are the material basis of his existence have him completely at their mercy, and, if left unregulated, will extract from him the last penny of commercial profit, will vary the prices charged at their own arbitrary pleasure, and will be free to practise a system of favoritism and discrimination not less injurious than a system of continuous extortion. And the consumer who is thus liable to be oppressed as an individual is liable also to suffer not less as a unit in the community. For the monopolies that dominate his life as a householder dominate also the life of the city in which he dwells; and in each instance they owe their very existence to licenses or charters granted by the civic authorities, they cannot operate without using the streets that are maintained at the taxpayers' expense, and the employment they make of the powers conceded to them may, and indeed must, have a direct and vital influence on the health, comfort and civilization of the community and the development of new industries and new districts. On the ground, therefore, that all public utilities tend to become, and should be encouraged to become, monopolies; that these monopolies, if unchecked, have it in their power to deal harshly and unfairly with the individual in matters of price, quality and quantity; that they build up their undertakings on rights granted by public authority and by the utilization of public property; and that their character and conduct, their efficiency or their lack of it, profoundly affect the conditions of urban life—on all these grounds one is justified in declaring that the public services differ not alone materially, but fundamentally, from ordinary enterprises, and that their regulation is a proper matter of State and municipal concern.

The objects that naturally present themselves as the ones

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that such regulation should aim at are, first, the protection of the citizens, and, secondly, the protection of the city. Both as individuals and as a community the consumers, who for the most part are also the taxpayers, have a clear right to demand a full return for whatever franchises are granted in their name. The consumers wish to be assured that the goods supplied to them are of high and uniform quality, that they are retailed at a reasonably low price, that complaints on either score are promptly attended to, and that sufficient precautions are taken to prevent discrimination for or against particular persons or localities. The taxpayers, again, wish to capture for the city what is called the unearned increment of value, and to extract from the holders of the concession a fair financial equivalent for the privileges accorded them. Both desiderata are eminently legitimate, and the problem is to satisfy them without curbing private enterprise or throwing upon the corporation that has been granted a public-utility franchise a burden it is unable to bear. There is, of course, no royal road to the solution of this or any other political problem. But certain general principles may be laid down of sufficient spaciousness to serve as guiding-posts to the settlement of what is, after all, in the last resort, a question, or rather a series of questions, of detail. These principles have nowhere that I know of been better summarized than in Major Leonard Darwin's admirable volume on *Municipal Trade*. He begins by insisting on the folly of what was until recently, even in Great Britain, the common practice of granting franchises in perpetuity. Whatever provisions may be attached to them, perpetual franchises are against public policy, inasmuch as they afford no adequate safeguard for the rights either of the consumer or of the community as a whole. In every concession awarded to private contractors for the supply of some commodity that enters universally into the routine of modern life, it is of the first importance that the local government should keep open the door to effective official intervention and control. The ordinary form of perpetual franchise makes this well-nigh impossible, though Massachusetts has evolved an ingenious and apparently satisfactory system under which concessions for gas, electric lighting, and street railways, while perpetual in theory, are really held during good behavior—the corporations down to the minutest details of their operations

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being subject to the supervision of a salaried State Commission of three members nominated by the Governor. But in general, official foresight has been proved incapable of estimating long in advance the changes in industrial methods or in urban requirements that may make a contract which was equitable at a given date hopelessly one-sided ten or twenty years later. No automatic device, such as a sliding scale of prices or of rents based on dividends or on gross earnings, has yet been evolved which can do more than mitigate the disadvantages of a perpetual franchise. In the United States, it would seem, those disadvantages acquire a status of almost legal permanence. The clause in the American Constitution which forbids a State to impair the obligation of contracts has, I believe, been constantly invoked to prevent municipalities from resuming control of franchises heedlessly granted in perpetuity. Impolitic in any country, perpetual franchises, in the absence of any provisions in the State Constitutions permitting their amendment or repeal, would appear in the United States to be little less than iniquitous; and one may indeed say that both American and European necessity points to the wisdom of reserving to the local authorities statutory power to review at stated intervals the terms of its contracts with private corporations.

If, then, the principle of limited concessions be admitted, the next question that arises is the length of the period that each franchise should run. That is a question that depends so much on the nature of the undertaking and the conditions of the neighborhood that no offhand answer can be ventured. The size and probable growth of the community it is proposed to serve, the degree in which the industry that is to be regulated is old or new, settled or experimental, the innumerable circumstances that may increase or diminish the risks which the promoters are assuming—all this has to be taken into account. But clearly a period which fails to give capital the security and encouragement it imperatively needs is too short; and a period is too long when—but that is a matter it is hardly necessary to go into. Municipalities nowadays are so jealous of corporations and are so much inclined to sacrifice the public interests to "spite," and obstruct them, that a franchise is never likely to be granted for too long a period or without stipulations that negative a seemingly excessive gen-

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erosity in the matter of the time limit. The danger is the other way. The danger is that capital will be so thwarted and hampered that a reasonable return on its outlay will be denied to it, and that the public will be deprived of the benefits of a new industrial discovery to please the righteous but overstrained zeal of the local authorities. That is what happened in Great Britain in the case of electric lighting and of the application of electrical energy to the purposes of transportation. It is not too much to say that the whole electrical engineering industry in Great Britain was paralyzed for a decade and more by the short-sightedness of the municipalities in refusing to grant new franchises or to extend old ones except on terms that no capitalist would look at. In the case of street railways, says Major Darwin, "private companies owning expiring concessions could not afford to electrify their lines; for the terms of the concessions gave them no inducement to invest fresh capital, and made it necessary for them to pay away in dividends all the profits they could possibly earn with horse traffic during the remaining years of their industrial life. Before 1896 only about twenty miles of electric tramways had been constructed in England and Scotland; a figure to be contrasted with the ten thousand miles laid in the United States at that period." In the case of electric lighting, there were in Great Britain in 1888, six years after the passage of the Electric Lighting Act, only twelve central generating stations; in the United States there were 574. Nothing could show more clearly than these two sets of figures that an excessive tenderness for the public interest may defeat its own object. In the United States whatever injury was inflicted on the corporate rights of various communities was more than offset by the enterprise and initiative that brought a revolutionary invention within the reach of millions. In Great Britain the corporate rights of the community were so extravagantly coddled and protected that a great industry was almost strangled at its birth, to the incalculable detriment of social welfare and business development. In the one instance franchises were granted for a liberal, perhaps even an excessive, period; in the other they were hedged round with a time limit so narrow as to make them virtually inoperative. The duration of a franchise, therefore, while a detail, is a detail that may make all the difference between progress and reaction.

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Closely allied with the question of time is the question of prices and rental. A municipality that grants a perpetual franchise is foolish; a municipality that grants a franchise for nothing is either mad or corrupt. The community may fairly claim to share in the profits that accrue from the privileges it bestows, to demand some return for the use it permits corporations to make of the common property, to exact guarantees against the inordinate exploitation of the consumer, and to insure the maintenance of a fixed standard of quality in the goods supplied. But in the discussion of these matters too much stress, as a rule, is put upon their financial, and too little on their social, importance. Granting that a community is entitled to an equivalent of some sort for the concessions awarded in its name, it does not follow that the equivalent should always or even mainly take a monetary form. To extract an annual rent from a gas, electric lighting, street railway, or water corporation is undoubtedly a legitimate proceeding. But it has always to be considered whether the moneys thus obtained would not be better employed if they were devoted not to the relief of taxation, but to improving and extending the operation and lowering the price of the specific utility that furnishes them — whether, in other words, the community would not gain more by relinquishing its claim to a direct financial consideration and insisting on a proportionate decrease of prices and fares, and a proportionate increase in the quality and extent of the facilities provided. But however that point may be settled, it is advisable, and it is not very difficult, to insert in the terms of the franchise provisions fixing the price of the commodity to be supplied either at a stationary figure or—a better plan—on a sliding scale dependent either on the net profits or the gross earnings of the corporation. So long as the price thus fixed is open to revision when the time arrives for renewing or terminating the franchise, and so long as it permits the capital invested in the undertaking to earn a rate of interest that will appeal to promoters and stockholders, then the fact that it is fixed protects the consumer and at the same time encourages economical methods in the corporation. In the same way, if it is thought proper to charge an annual rental, the sum agreed upon should automatically adjust itself to the prosperity of the undertaking. The device which is not uncommon in Great Britain

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of forbidding corporations to pay more than a certain dividend has the disadvantage of reducing the incentive to business-like conduct; and the American plan of throwing upon the street-railway corporations the sole or partial responsibility for the paving and upkeep of the streets has usually been found to produce the maximum of friction between the municipality and the corporation with the minimum of benefit to the community. It seems better, therefore, for the local authorities to stipulate for a certain price, to enforce a reasonable standard of quality by inspection, and to settle the question of rental—if any such question arises—on a purely financial basis.

At this point, however, we are obliged either to advance or retreat. When charges or rentals or the size of the dividends are regulated by reference to the rate of interest that the capital invested in the undertaking expects and is entitled to earn, the assumption is that the capital is genuine and not fictitious. But this is so frequently and notoriously not the case that the question arises as to the control that should be exercised over the capitalization of public service corporations. It may be said at once that there should be control, that it should be effective, and that in the absence of it, all provisions in regard to prices and rentals are liable to come to grief. Massachusetts was the first American State to recognize the necessity of supervising the flotation of companies that are intrusted with municipal franchises, just as it was the first to insist that a franchise once granted should not be transferred without legislative authority. Nothing, so far as an outsider can judge, has done more to quicken the movement toward public ownership in the United States than the water-logged condition of large numbers of public-service corporations. "Their enormous over-capitalization," writes Professor Rowe in his excellent *Problems of City Government,* "has burdened them with fixed charges which cannot be met if the public authorities either demand any considerable reductions in the cost of service or far-reaching improvements in the character of the service. Companies such as the Interborough-Metropolitan of New York or the Rapid Transit Company of Philadelphia cannot at the same time meet the requirements of an advancing public opinion and pay dividends on their inflated capitalization." And with the official control over the issue of stocks and bonds there should go also,

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as a necessary corollary, an official right of inspection of the plant and accounts. But the most effective hold that can be exercised over a corporation that is engaged in supplying a public utility lies either in the terminable franchise, the provisions of which entitle the municipality to buy out the undertaking at the end of the stipulated period, or in a franchise perpetual in form but corrected by the retention in the hands of the local authorities of the right to purchase at any moment. The essential thing is that the bargaining and coercive power of the right to purchase should always be in the background. The existence of such a power, it may be urged, would frighten capital. But that would not be the case if (1) it were exercised only on the recommendation of an impartial Commission; (2) if the system of valuation adopted to determine the price of purchase gave full compensation both to promoters and stockholders and allowed for initial losses and formation expenses, and (3) if each corporation were granted an absolute monopoly in its special field. The present limitations on local indebtedness in the United States would no doubt in many cases deprive the reserved right to purchase of a good deal of effectiveness; but it is a question how long those limitations in their present form will be retained, and whether in most States a distinction will not be drawn between the liabilities that may be incurred in connection with unproductive enterprises and those that may be incurred in connection with reproductive enterprises. In any case the retention of the right to purchase, whether at a specified time or at any time, places a weapon in the hands of the local authorities that would bring the most disorderly corporation to reason. But it is a weapon, as has been said, that should only be employed on the initiative of an impartial Commission. Some of the most valuable and suggestive pages in Major Darwin's volume on *Municipal Trade* are devoted to advocating the appointment of Commissions to deal with the many questions connected with public franchises; and there can be little doubt that it is in the utilization of such Commissions, to stand between the local authorities on one hand and the corporations on the other, that the United States is destined to lead the world, and to make the most valuable of all contributions to the problem of combining private initiative and enterprise with protection of public rights.

To sum up. The alternative is not, as it is usually stated,

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between public ownership and operation of the public utilities and their retention in private hands under the conditions that now obtain. These conditions are not permanent. They can be, and should be, improved; and the real choice will then be seen to be between public ownership and an improved system of private ownership. Those who have a reasoned conviction in favor of private ownership should, therefore, not only admit that some form of official regulation and supervision is necessary, but should set to work to devise the best possible method in which that control should be exercised. It is suggested that an impartial Commission affords the best chance of destroying the drawbacks that hitherto have been found inseparable from corporate trading, with its concomitant of corporate influence in local politics. Franchises authorized by any such Commission would be either terminable at the close of a stated period, or if perpetual in form would be offset by the reservation of the right of the local authority to purchase the undertaking at any moment and on such terms as the Commissioners might approve. In all franchises there ought to be provisions regulating questions of price and of rental, and referring disputes to the arbitrament of the Commission. Corporations should be given an absolute monopoly within a given area and adequate safeguards against the confiscation of their properties. No concession should be granted unless and until the Commissioners have satisfied themselves that the nominal capital fairly represents the actual cash invested. The power to inspect the books and the works should be lodged in the Commission, and the local authorities should have a right to satisfy themselves that the quality of the goods supplied reached a reasonable standard. A franchise granted to one corporation should never be transferred by it to another except with the approval of the Commission. These conditions, enumerated in this categorical form, have no doubt a forbidding sound. But when closely examined it will be found that they leave to capital a fair return on its investment, and that they dam at the fountain-head a prolific source of contention and corruption. It is only, moreover, in proportion as they welcome and co-operate with official regulation that corporations in the long run will be able to withstand the movement for their supersession by public ownership.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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HOW NOT TO DRAFT A CHARTER

BY RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE

Some citizens of New York,—the writer is one of them,—wish that, even if New York be unready to take the leadership of the civic life of the nation, it should not always occupy the bad eminence of teaching cities throughout the land how not to conduct their affairs. New York is again preparing to fill this negatively serviceable position. But, singularly enough, New York is not to blame—that is, not yet. The head of the city seems to be the head and front of the offending. Co-operating with him are a group of legislators of the dominant Democratic party.

A lawless attack upon the integrity and security of the city has been planned under the form of drafting a new Charter or body of laws for the municipality. The nefarious character of the undertaking appears in the circumstance that it was originally planned to perpetrate this Charter upon a city which is an empire in itself without granting its citizenship more than a hurried and perfunctory glimpse of a flavored summary. Moreover, this act of political brigandage would have been accomplished but for the eleventh-hour intervention of Governor Dix,—one of the few strong acts of a disappointingly weak executive.

True, this Charter-drafting has been of a piece with the general conduct of the present Legislature of New York, elected in large part by a vote of protest against the character of the Republican Legislatures in recent years. The present session has not been marked by corrupt leadership, but it has not been free from leaderless corruption. Not that there has been open or even concealed buying and selling of votes, for it has not been necessary. Rarely has the crack of the party-whip been more ominous and constant than during this year's session, or rather, changing the figure to one more apt and intelligible, never has the long-

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distance private telephone from New York to Albany been more assiduously employed.

For a time there were welcome signs of revolt. A group of young men waged a long and heart-breaking fight against a candidate for the United States Senatorship. But the outcome of the laborious battle was disproportionately meager, in view of the final substitution of an obscure judge for a political notoriety. Again, the present Legislature might have been saved from itself by a vigilant and vigorous minority, but the Republican minority has been neither one nor the other save in liquidating the indebtedness carried over from the days when it might have been said of two Albany statesman, "It never Raines but it McCarrens."

The Republican regulars who had often found accommodation and furtherance at the hand of Tammany Hall representatives in other years, especially when the party councils were divided, could do no less for their old allies than lend a helping hand when needed,—as if to confirm the truth of the maxim that the party out of power may always be trusted as little as the party in power. The Republican minority has been not only basely supine but stupidly inert. It has failed strategically as well as morally to utilize the opportunities offered by a legislative session which has been bootless if not bootyless, blundering if not plundering, leaderless though overbossed.

Beginning with national affairs, Tammany Hall calmly appropriated the Senatorship for one of the faithful after denying it to an abler man whose unworthiness for the office, judged by Tammany standards, was due not to his sinister record, but to his dexterity in political manipulation, which might imperil the overlordship of Tammany's rulers. The Elections Bill, which a vertebrate executive could have prevented the Legislature from inflicting upon the commonwealth, was Tammany Hall's notice of assumption of State suzerainty, though primarily aiming to permit a minimum of organized revolt against its rule. But these larger prizes, the higher trophies of war, as it were, while dramatically appealing, could not satisfy the hungry whose dietary must be immediate and mouth-filling.

Having rendered the party nationally the disservice of preventing the election to the office of Senator of the late Edward M. Shepard, and after having given a deterrent taste of themselves to the State in the form of the Elections

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Bill, the heads of Tammany Hall bethought themselves of the most immediately profitable of all possible undertakings, —the revision of the Charter of the City of New York.

Circumstances conspired to facilitate and justify the task. For one thing, the revision of New York's Charter had been earnestly advocated for a number of years, and two commissions had labored at the problem—the Ivins Commission, made up of men commanding respect for their ability and disinterestedness, and a legislative commission, which not inexplicably failed to gain the confidence of the community.

It is a serious thing to say,—but the writer accepts the responsibility,—that in the drafting of the proposed Charter of the City of New York every interest has been consulted save the public interest, and no principle has been followed save that of political self-preservation. Alas for the fateful conjunction of a capricious and vindictive city head, relying upon the insatiably voracious leaders of Tammany Hall as his confederates, and a shrewd though unseeing leader hungrily ready to utilize the not wholly vanished influence of the Mayor as a political asset! The terms of the confederation may not have been formal and explicit, but the intermediaries have been none the less active and alert, constrained by the power of the political appetite of the one, and playing upon the personal weakness of the other.

It remains to be added that, as if bent upon making doubly sure the wrecking of the party, the Charter-manufacturers hired one of the conspicuous wreckers of the last Legislature to perfect the details and regularize the phraseology of the new Charter.

On the other hand, it is the part of justice to marvel at the Clive-like moderation of the Charter-makers. True, the salary of the Mayor is slightly increased from the beggarly sum of fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, and the Mayor, as if to bolster up his contention with the educators that great talents should have their pecuniary reward, abates his excessive modesty in the matter sufficiently to appear to be willing to avoid the postponement of this increase of salary until the election of his successor, lest, too, the latter be unduly embarrassed.

Moreover, it should be said that if, through providential intervention, taking the form of acquiescence on the part of the electorate in the Mayor's diffident estimate of his own infallibility and impeccability, the mayoral term could

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through repeated re-elections or the simpler method of mayoral fiat be indefinitely prolonged, the proposed Charter would be quite unexceptionable. For it is undoubtedly a perfect embodiment of the personal policies and prejudices and piques of the Mayor, modified by some ineluctable demands of his associate Charter-makers. But, through some strange mischance, the present Mayor may not continue permanently in office, and that untoward possibility, though it cannot be contemplated with the equanimity of Mayor Gaynor's favorite author, ought to enter into the consideration of the terms of a Charter which has been drafted not so much to meet the proved exigencies of the city as the exiguity of the approvals and disapprovals of the present Mayor.

One stands aghast at the courage of the Mayor in assuming, under the terms of the new Charter, virtually the entire responsibility for the conduct of the city. And one is needs moved to admiration of his exquisite courtesy in undertaking to relieve all subordinate elective officers of the city of the burdens which precedent and practice have long assigned them. This much may be claimed for the instrument under consideration: It has solved the problem of combining centralization of power with diffusion of responsibility. It frankly constitutes an assumption of responsibility which shall be proportionate to unconcealed omniscience.

Enough for the motives which, despite all magniloquent self-appraisal, are transparent, and the methods which have been studiedly cryptic! What of the results? Even assuming it to be possible that the character of these has not been predetermined by the motives and methods of the framers, the outcome is in truth lamentable. Viewing the whole *sine ira et sine studio,* and ignoring the greed and malice which have energized the operation of Charter-mongering, no impartial student can fail to see that the resultant document is utterly unworthy of acceptance as the Charter of the first city of the foremost Democracy. If any well-defined principles of municipal self-government underlie it, they are not discoverable. As a whole, it is unscientifically framed, lacking in uniformity and consistency, a slovenly, haphazard, machine-made, scissors-and-mucilage-drafted instrument, the very embodiment of political ineptitude and legislative inefficiency. If adopted, it is likely to

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prove effective only in furthering the personal aims of the framers, though these are for a time buried away in a mass of ambiguous phrases.

The elimination of the ineffective sections of the old Charter, alike with the introduction of desirable amendments, has been reduced to a minimum. Unjustified either by its omissions or its inclusions, it stands a cumbrous, unwieldy, illogical document, as if to teach by force of unanswerable example how not to draft a charter.

Of its underlying principle of augmentation of power in the hands of the Mayor, coupled with the attenuation of mayoral responsibility, enough has been said to pierce the mask of evasiveness though it strut about in the habiliments of candor. But the raw recasting of the city Charter in order to punish some offensively insubordinate city officials is not so lightly to be dismissed. The President of the Board of Aldermen is not abolished, but under the provisions of the new Charter he ceases to be Vice-Mayor, and, in the absence of the Mayor, the latter may designate a temporary substitute,—a more than regal prerogative, but not too royal for one ready to clothe himself with sovereign power! On the other hand, as if to atone for injury by insult, the salary attached to the office is increased though its importance be diminished,—a bit of logic in keeping with the statecraft which dominates the document.

Again, the Comptroller is not decapitated; he is merely tethered and gyved. If the Mayor had been possessed of the courage of his wrath, he would have abolished these two offices *in toto*. This is not done, but the incumbents are to be so shorn of power and reft of responsibility that no man of character and independence will be found willing to occupy either office. If it could be established that every future Mayor of New York would be as wise and benign and magnanimous as the inspirer of the Charter, and if, moreover, it could be assumed that every Comptroller would be as irritatingly vigilant in safeguarding the public interest as has been Mr. Prendergast, and every President of the Board of Aldermen as embarrassingly alert to remedy intolerable police conditions as was Mr. Mitchell during the enforced inactivity of the Mayor and one of the latter's many Police Commissioners, the Mayor's desire to rid himself of these annoying colleagues would be quite explicable. But it seems to stretch the doctrine of vicarious punishment

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unduly far to punish all future Comptrollers and Presidents of the Board of Aldermen for the sinlessness of the present occupants of these offices.

Though the abolition or emasculation of these officers constitute the reversal of democracy, if democracy be the supremacy of law rather than the rule of inferior men clothed in the forms of law, it is primarily a matter of personal caprice, and we would sojourn for a time in the realm of lofty and impersonal principles. Thus we would fain learn the principle underlying the civil-service provisions of the new Charter. Tentatively one ventures the conjecture that the increasing "starchlessness" of the enforcement of the State civil-service laws under the board of Governor Dix's naming has excited the envy of the city officials, and the new Charter seeks to render such envy needless and emulation as unlaborious as possible. In one word, the security of the merit system is gravely menaced, and no multitude of words touching a life dedicated to good government can change the fact of this peril, though they may serve, as oft heretofore, to avert the shattering of the strangely persistent mayoral spell.

But the virtual removal of the safeguards of the civil-service law is of a piece with the one ascertainable motif of the Charter,—the flinging away of safeguards of every kind. Apparently, as is known to every horticulturist on Long Island, grafting is at best a slow, tedious, delicate process. The new Charter, in its crusade against grafting, tears things up by the roots, and makes the toilsome operation of grafting a task of supererogation. Other endangered safeguards come to light despite every endeavor to shroud the document in mystifying obscurity. One of the important duties of the Comptroller has been the auditing of all city appropriations to private charities. The present Comptroller has been irksomely watchful in a matter the underlying principles of which the community ought ere long be challenged carefully to reconsider. Such power of audit is hereafter to be disallowed the Comptroller, and is to be transferred to the Department of Charities upon which the heaviest pressure from philanthropic organizations is normally brought to bear. Nor is one's disquietude over this departure entirely allayed upon learning that the newly burdened department is to be re-enforced by the inclusion of the Department of Ambulances, the head of which has

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himself been the object of more or less rigid auditing on the part of city investigators.

Again, the records of the Commissioner of Accounts are to be safeguarded from public inspection. That is, the officials are to be protected from the over-vigilant scrutiny of the city, instead of the city being protected by the watchfulness of its officials. The Commissioner of Accounts may be, it has been said, the eye of the city's head. But the head of the city asks that it be permanently bandaged. The office again becomes a sinecure instead of being the terror of sinning officials of the city. This section of the Charter ought fittingly be styled "An Act to make honest and efficient city government impossible."

It remains to consider the so-called educational provisions of the Charter, which have been condemned with unanimity throughout the land, excepting, of course, by its hardy sponsor and some expectant camp-followers. No educator of national distinction or authority favors the creation of a small paid board save again the Mayor. Presidents Lowell and Butler, Dean Balliett and scores of educators have offered unanswerable arguments against the proposed plan, —save as argument was answered by querulous iteration and reasoned opposition confuted by ill-mannered invective. No one maintains that the present board as constituted is an effective working body. It is numerically unwieldy. New York ought to have a smaller board. But that its members should remain unpaid is the consensus of the best educational opinion in the nation as well as the solemn warning of our foremost educators. Moreover, Mayor Gaynor's repeated statements of his inability to secure efficient men and women for an unpaid board is an insult to the citizenship of New York and only incidentally an unpremeditated tribute to the discernment of such citizens as have heretofore hesitated to participate in the stir and splendor of the present city régime. It constitutes an intolerable aspersion upon the character of American citizenship. If it were true, as it is false, it were the knell of democracy.

One is wont to associate charter with liberty, with the demands of freemen looking to and furthering the end of self-government. Such was Magna Charta. Such should be the charter of every body of democratic freemen. The Charter which it is planned to impose upon the municipality of New York is not an instrument of freedom, but an in-

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strument of administrative tyranny. It is incarnate of political cunning and greed. The acceptance of this Charter of official oppression were to proclaim the failure of democratic self-government.

It was said at the outset of this article that the citizenship of New York was not yet to be held blameworthy touching the proposed Charter. That the electorate of New York would pass affirmatively upon this Charter, if submitted at the November polls, is incredible, unless the sustaining vote should, with the help of the new Elections Bill, be re-enforced *ad hoc* by gentlemen of leisure imported for a time from neighboring cities. But even if the city be denied the opportunity, rightfully its own, of deciding on the terms under which it is to live, it may lift up its voice and protest with unmistakable decision against this contemptibly insolent manifestation of civic Cæsarism.

True, the Legislature cannot permanently fasten this extemporized code upon New York. Its passage at the special session of September—unless it be denatured, that is—would presage the slaughter at the fall elections of the perpetrators of this insult upon the civic intelligence and integrity of New York. But it must not be enacted into law. Let not our representatives at Albany dare to force and foist this document upon the first city in the nation. We are not living in the days of Tweed nor of Croker, though the one have its clumsy imitators and the other his lamenting servitors, and an indignant and aroused citizenship will cry out if this infamous deed be done.

Finally, if the triple alliance, Mayor, leaders of Tammany Hall and the Legislature,—and it is honoring to the Legislature to class it as an ally of its masters,—be obdurate, the appeal of the people must be to the Governor of the State to avert this civic calamity for the good of his party and the honor of the commonwealth. It must needs be said to the Governor and the Legislature of the State of New York and to the Mayor of the city, let them beware lest it be found needful to fit their case by paraphrasing the classic "chartered libertines," and they earn the contemptuous remembrance which waits upon betrayal by such as are appointed to safeguard the city under the name and title,—libertine Charter-makers.

STEPHEN S. WISE.

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LYRICS OF LATE LOVE

BY ELEANOUR NORTON

I

Beloved, hush. . . .
Here's music softer than Apollo's lyre!
For now repeats the liquid-noted thrush
Those small, delicious, chordless harmonies
That tremble through the trees,
And break against the bosom of the briar;
O thou, Embodied Rapture, sing again
That rounded rhapsody, so rich in pure desire,
And yet, by love, redeemèd from all pain!

II

I did not know the heart could hold
A pain so dear, a joy so deep,
That all the past could fall to sleep
And life become a blaze of gold!

I did not know a touch could send
Such sudden glory through the soul,
That Heav'n and Earth becomes a whole,
And Love a wonder—without end.

I did not know the twilight-hour
Was hung with balm, was paved with bliss,
Because one mouth's imperious flower
Slow shaped, and trembled to a kiss.

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III

Hush thou thy music, Nightingale,
Sing not again.
For she who loved your songs is dead,
For one belovèd heart hath fled
Its earthly pain.
Go, lull the waves, enchant the rose
With melody;
Go, sing to those who may not know
The weight of an immortal woe
—But not to me.

IV

Because I watched, through frozen tears,
The One Belovèd die,
I shrink before the unborn years,
The scents of sea and sky.

For all the visions of the night
When we are most alone,
Of rapture that we have not felt,
Of joys we have not known;

And all the dreams of Love's delight
And Love's divine distress
Fade not within the heart that clasps
Eternal loneliness.

ELEANOUR NORTON.

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THE MAJOR BENEFICENCE

BY R. FULTON CUTTING

The press has figured the total of the benefactions of two men in the last few years at more than three hundred million dollars. This phenomenal public service by private citizens certainly adds to one's pride in the political institutions which have contributed to produce and stimulate the sense of the responsibility of wealth expressed by these gifts. These benefactions have, moreover, been made with rare sagacity and are, in a great part, calculated to raise the level of intelligence and to supply a more competent and rational democracy. In so far as they aim to increase the capacity of the individual by the educational agencies of the school, the college and the library their scope is national; but have the institutions created by these phenomenal benefactions produced a result comparable with the public service that might be rendered by equal outlays through Government?

Twenty years ago Germany was losing vigorous and enterprising men and women by the hundred thousand who went to help the States of the Western Hemisphere rival her commerce and industry. To-day, through her system of vocational training, she has begotten a generation of tradesmen, mechanics and engineers that have transformed her from an agricultural to a manufacturing country, and their dexterity has not only captured for her an increased share of international trade, but has developed a home market that supplies her proletariat with employment and has, for the present, effectually stopped emigration. And this in spite of an increase in population since 1870 of more than twenty millions. The industrial development of Germany has created for her a new economic life: it is the phenomenon of modern industrial history. The genius of her statesmen has conserved the resources she used to squander upon the nurture and education of the millions she

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exiled. Her people now remain in the fatherland and are the consumers of her own products.

But the economic prosperity of a nation as such is not always reflected in the welfare of the whole people. In Lord Rosebery's *Life of Pitt* he relates an instructive anecdote. In the plenitude of his power, the Prime Minister when visiting an associate referred, with pardonable gratification, to the greatness and prosperity of England; he pointed to the evidences of her wealth, her growing commerce, her international influence. His friend made no reply, but the next day drove him through a neighboring town in which basket-making was the principal industry. He showed the great statesman its narrow and dirty streets, bordered with squalid habitations, its ill-fed, half-clothed people, its panorama of hopeless poverty. Pitt at once grasped the meaning of the lesson and soon presented a bill in Parliament so radical in its propositions for the relief of the poor that England has hardly yet reached up to the measure of its beneficence. The suffering he aimed to ameliorate continued far too generally to affect the wage-earners during the early nineteenth century, while the nation's wealth was multiplying phenomenally.

Germany's progress is, in contrast, illuminated by a practical solicitude for the welfare of the wage-earner that is quite unparalleled. While the fact that there is actually more immigration into Germany than emigration from it demonstrates the comparative prosperity of the poor, there are many characteristics of her social life that attest the genuine determination of the Government to fulfil its obligations to the least fortunate members of the State. The scientific system of contributive insurance against sickness, accident, infirmity and old age is full of significance. The magnitude of this self-help through Government co-operation is impressive. In 1908, $67,500,000 were paid out in sick benefits and hospital service to wage-earners, of whom some 13,000,000 were in contributive co-operation with the Government. Since 1891, $330,000,000 has been distributed in old-age and infirmity pensions, $210,000,000 of which was contributed by employers and employees and $120,000,000 by the State. The last returns show that 14,400,000 individuals are insured in this class and the State now holds $350,000,000 of capital for this insurance. It is interesting to note that competent students declare the measurable re-

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lief from the anxious forecast of indigent old age and the disasters of accident and illness has actually increased the proficiency of labor. Insurance has, moreover, encouraged providence. The number of depositors has steadily increased and their average deposits are now twice as much per capita as those in England, while at the same time the per capita of poor relief in Germany is less than one-half of that in England. There is, in fact, every indication that the social-betterment policy which Germany has adopted and so vigorously pursued has increased the wealth of the whole country and enhanced the welfare of every class. The revenue from the income tax is increasing, notably from those whose incomes are of moderate amount. There has been a marked expansion in the variety and quantity of the better kinds of food consumed. The value of taxable property in 1892 was $1,420,000,000; in 1906, $2,550,000,000. In the last twenty years imports have increased from $1,100,000,000 to $2,075,000,000, and exports from $890,000,000 to $1,750,000,000.

Germany has achieved these extraordinary results by establishing a closer relationship between science and government than exists anywhere else in the world. Her statecraft is in the hands of experts. The professors of her classical and technical universities are officers of the Government, and several of those connected with the University of Berlin have seats in the Reichstag and in the Prussian legislature. The mayoralty is a profession, and municipal chief executives are promoted from the smaller to the larger cities as they demonstrate their capacity for greater responsibilities. For example, some time ago the following advertisement appeared in several Cologne newspapers:

"As the undersigned will be retired under the pension law on the 4th of October, 1900, the position of mayor of the city of Gladbach will thereby become vacant. Candidates who have passed the state examinations for the higher judicial or administrative career, and who have had experience in the administration of a large city, are requested to send in their applications by the 20th of March. The salary is 10,000 marks, with right to a pension and 1,500 marks additional for expenses."

Legislative enactments are intended to be genuinely operative and not merely expressive of moral sentiment. The measures are first drafted by men qualified by experience as well as study and who can be trusted to make the actual purpose unmistakable. How different has been the studied

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and gradual development of Germany's insurance policy from the plunge made by England into old-age pensions under the pressure of political expediency!

And all this has been done by a Government that is virtually an oligarchy — a benevolent, patriotic, intelligent oligarchy. Is it possible in a democracy? Our political history has not yet demonstrated it. Mr. Lecky did not think so when he wrote *Democracy and Liberty*. Many of his criticisms of popular sovereignty are undeniably well founded, for the success we have thus far attained has cost us dear. "Money to burn" has carried us through, in spite of inefficient, extravagant and dishonest administration. It is true the last few years have disclosed a rising tide in the popular appreciation of talent in public office, but at the rate we are progressing we shall not reach Germany's status in a half-century. Is there, then, for us no short cut to government by experts?

In 1901 the people elected Seth Low, Mayor of New York. He brought to this high office capacity, integrity, industry and wide experience. He selected subordinates for their specific qualifications and high character. The two years of his administration set a new standard of official morality, but in economy and efficiency it failed to realize public expectation. It was compelled to operate with a business system obsolete or framed to mislead rather than to enlighten the responsible officials. The great body of employees, largely protected by the civil-service law and unsympathetic with reform, made no effort to hold up the hands of the department heads. These in turn, because responsible for the conduct of daily business and occupied with large policies, could not devote themselves to the reorganization of a force of fifty thousand unwilling employees. The wonder is Mayor Low accomplished what he did in his short but memorable administration. His mayoralty, however, conclusively disclosed the insufficiency of reform by the ballot. The man without the machinery, animated by the noblest ambitions, is compelled to pursue them with an antiquated, rusty, unreliable mechanism that paralyzes progress.

During Mr. McClellan's administration there was organized the Bureau of Municipal Research. The purpose of this organization is co-operation with the city authorities to discover the whole truth about municipal misgovernment and to propose constructive measures which will reform

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abuses and increase efficiency. The Bureau's financial independence and its freedom from political affiliation enable it to present its conclusions dispassionately and without compromise. With rare exceptions, it has found the department heads ready to accept its services, and under both the last and present administration it has enjoyed the co-operation of the city's chief executives. With its co-operation the capable men who have filled the office of comptroller for the last five years have worked out a scientific organization of the finance department that has enabled them to render the city extraordinary service. To this work is largely due the fact that, for a $621,000 budget increase in administrative expense for 1911 the city will secure a greater increase in quantity and quality of service rendered than for the increases of $3,500,000 to $8,000,000 of the preceding seven years. The readiness of high city officials to profit by the services of an expert citizen agency has been one of the Bureau's discoveries. Even in the case of Borough President Ahearn, who was removed from office by the Governor, its disclosures led to requests for co-operation rather than to open hostility. To give other cities the benefit of New York's experience ex-Comptroller Herman A. Metz established a fund of $10,000 a year for three years to promote efficient municipal accounting and reporting in the United States.

That our municipal governments are not yet competent or disposed to correct the defects in their administrative systems is undeniable, and, unaided, the best disposition of their executive officers will not materially hasten the scientific reorganization of their corporate business.

The nation is making a serious attempt to do this. At the request of President Taft, Dr. F. A. Cleveland—one of the principal officials of the Bureau of Municipal Research—has been yielded by it to Washington and is heading the President's expert staff in pointing the way to the business reorganization of Federal administration upon the lines pursued by the Bureau in city affairs.

What the city of New York has accomplished with the co-operation of the Bureau of Municipal Research is a matter of public record and need not be recapitulated, and yet it is only on the threshold of achievement, since the reforms achieved have hardly commenced to realize their possibilities.

The cities of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago and At-

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lanta have also established research bureaus locally supported, and other cities are clamoring for trained men to do similar work. Unfortunately the New York Bureau, which has supplied managers for several of the bureaus named, cannot further cripple its own force to respond to the demands upon it. The profession of a municipal researcher—investigator and accountant with a constructive social point of view—is new, and the necessity of a training-school for such men is apparent. The spread of this policy is a long step in the path of the relation of science and government in which Germany has led the way. The extension of the Bureau's method is illimitable if the patriotism of our people proves equal to its support. Its non-political basis takes it out of the domain of partiality or prejudice. The expert quality of its working force and its policy of co-operation with authority insure to it an open door. But its possibilities of beneficence will never commend themselves to the politician. Science in public business does not yet appeal to the imagination of the electorate. Campaigns demand a more dramatic policy. Research and constructive methods must be supported by individuals if not endowed by some patriot who appreciates misgovernment's criminal injustice to the poor and the waste of resources that might be wisely expended to increase their comfort, to improve their health and to enlarge their opportunity. Honest wealth has to-day, through this agency, an opportunity for public service hitherto virtually denied it. Some of the vast sums contributed to private charity, because government afforded no opening for their wider utilization, may safely travel through this channel.

In an address delivered in Birmingham twenty years ago the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain declared "the hope of the future rests in the recognition by the community of the obligation which it owes to its poorest and weakest members." Sooner or later we shall be compelled to fulfil these obligations, and the first step forward must be the conservation of the resources we have been so recklessly squandering. Shall our democracy rival the German oligarchy in the business of social uplift?

R. Fulton Cutting.

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MEXICO AFTER DIAZ

BY STEPHEN BONSAL

THE causes of the discontent with the present provisional régime in Mexico are not far to seek. They are none the less real factors in the situation because they could have been foreseen or because they are for the most part unavoidable. As long as Diaz remained in power and the capture of his stronghold was obviously the first step to be taken, the revolutionary groups presented an united front and they seemed to be entirely in accord as to the purpose as well as to the methods of the revolution.

In the hour of victory, however, divergences of opinion appeared. In Mexico a successful revolution has always been a law unto itself, and a slightly modified form of the biblical *vae victis* regarded as a reasonable proposition with which even the vanquished were not inclined to quarrel. But the platform of the provisional government which, as it existed by his favor, Madero naturally inspired, approached the task with far less drastic remedies than had been expected, and, as is now apparent in some quarters, these measures have proved far from satisfying.

Provisional administrations were hastily installed in the various States to run matters on a hand-to-mouth system until at the October election the people could be consulted as to their wishes. The promise of effective suffrage, which, in Mexico at least, is regarded as manhood suffrage, was repeated, as was also the "no re-election" legend which had been inscribed upon so many banners. But it cannot be disguised that to a people of optimistic temperament like the Mexicans the first-fruits of the revolutionary harvest were meager as to bulk and disappointing as to taste. Instead of the immediate restitution which the Chihuahua ranchman who had been robbed of his estate, or the hemp grower in Yucatan whose plantation was confiscated, had expected, the

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revolutionists were told that they must content themselves with a régime under which the recurrence of similar wrongs would be impossible and with an opportunity of getting back by due process of law what had been taken from them, by addressing themselves to the very courts which tacitly, at least, had sanctioned the robberies of which they complained.

While public attention followed closely the revolution in Portugal, owing to the interesting personalities involved, the struggle for control in Mexico passed almost unnoticed until it entailed practically the mobilization of our whole regular army. I hold to the opinion that the revolution had to come sooner or later, and that, as there was nothing of educational value in the Diaz régime, which had long outlived its former usefulness, the sooner it came the better for us and all others concerned. Without wishing in the least to detract from the skill with which the whole Mexican situation was handled by the administration, or from Ambassador Wilson's trained diplomacy, to which we all owe a debt of gratitude, I am still of the opinion that had not the sympathy of our border population been overwhelmingly with the revolutionists, and had they not recognized that intervention on our part would have been the salvation of the Diaz régime, the situation would have passed out of official control and intervention become a fact. As it was, the revolution cost the lives of twenty American citizens, who were killed while following their vocations on American soil, and of at least forty other non-combatant Americans, working for their daily bread in Mexico. Our losses from the destruction of property and disturbance to business run into the millions; so it would seem to be plain that the outbreak of another revolution, a possibility quite openly discussed to-day in the Mexican press, is a very intimate concern of ours.

Sentimentalists on both sides of the Rio Grande may regret the disappearance of the desert of Northern Mexico which Benito Juarez, a great man in his day, sought to maintain intact with all its features of pristine inhospitality. Juarez, who was not versed in American politics, credited the desert with stopping Taylor's army after Santa Anna had fled, and in many addresses to his people he insisted upon the value of this natural and, as he thought, insurmountable barrier between a strong, masterful power and a weak one. To-day, however, the desert has vanished, and the two countries have grown very close together. The daily relations

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between our Southwest and the Mexican Republic are thought by many to be closer and of greater value than those which exist between many of our groups of States at home. The desert, shorn of its dangers, is traversed by railways which in efficiency and capacity compare favorably with many of our trunk lines. Every day the potential wealth of the country is more clearly realized, and every day becomes more marked the southward migration of our people following the great railways and the coast lines. In fact, large districts of the country in Tamaulipas, Tehuantepec, and elsewhere have been divested of all Mexican characteristics. They are largely owned and occupied by our people and appear to be detached portions of our country.

Even during the more acute phases of the revolution, when travel and even residence in Mexico was not without danger for foreigners as well as for natives, the home-seeking excursions of American farmers and miners spying out the cheap, fertile lands and the undeveloped treasure hardly suffered any decrease. The revolution did not stop this migration, and the sum of our investments, estimated at one thousand millions, and the number of our citizens probably greatly exceeding the official figures of fifty thousand, are increasing every day. These are not filibusterers, these fifty thousand men, neither are they adventurers. They have done nothing to invalidate their citizenship, and they have the same right to the protection of our Government as their brothers who are seeking their fortunes in the British dominions on the north. Every year our mining schools and our agricultural colleges are sending out into the world thousands of young men of whom a large and increasing proportion take the southward path which leads to opportunity to-day. This is a natural movement which cannot be controlled by officials in either Washington or Mexico.

That this movement is welcomed by the intelligent classes of Mexican society to-day cannot be denied, though the Porfirista news channels through which, unfortunately, the greater part of Mexican news filters out into foreign lands, hint darkly at the organization of a great anti-foreign party which bodes ill to foreign interests in the country. The answer to this is that the educated classes in our sister republic are much more numerous than one would gather to be the case from a careful scrutiny of the official statistics published by the Diaz régime. It is always well to remember

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that these appalling figures of illiteracy and the tableaux which show the brutality of the peon classes were drawn up with an entire disregard for truth, and for the sole purpose of justifying the absolute exclusion of all classes of citizens from any share in their own government, all but a few subservient individuals who obeyed the Dictator's slightest nod.

It should be mentioned to his credit that Madero has met the anti-foreign issue with characteristic frankness and honesty. To-day while the throes of the great revolution which convulsed the country are only beginning to subside, and with the first and indeed the only general election that has ever been held in the country but six weeks away, he never fails in his public utterances or in private conversations to recognize the immense services which foreign capital and engineering skill have rendered to his country. He invites a continuance of these services, and solemnly promises to respect all rights which have been honestly acquired by aliens.

During the recent crisis, when, for a moment at least, it looked as if the sudden flight of Diaz and the complete collapse of his administration would wreck the country, there was open and frank discussion in Washington and in the press throughout the United States as to what were the responsibilities our Government had incurred toward our citizens who had not hesitated to venture either their lives or their savings in Mexico, and the old cry was raised, "Let the investor beware—*caveat emptor.*" Happily action upon this issue has not as yet been required, because the provisional government during its first three months has been able to preserve peace and enforce law and order, at least as well as did the Diaz régime during its last phase of power.

But whatever may be the action of our Government in defense of individual investments should a state of anarchy arise in Mexico, there are certainly other interests at stake whose encouragement and preservation are a national duty which admits of no compromise. I refer, of course, to the development by our California pioneers of the Huasteca oil-fields which extend along the Gulf littoral from north of Tampico to south of Vera Cruz. The development of the last five years reveals these oil-fields as the greatest reservoir of cheap power which the world has ever seen, or is likely to see. In comparison with their possibilities the oil-fields of Baku have but the value of a donkey engine as compared to

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a Corliss giant, and oil-burning freighters promise to work an economic revolution in steam navigation. With this development the whole complexion and future of the Caribbean world has undergone a change. If this oil-fuel can be laid down at Panama, as is claimed it can be, for fifty per cent. less than the equivalent in coal, the commercial success of the Panama Canal, undreamed of five years ago, is assured. Certainly a cause of rejoicing to the American taxpayer and to everybody concerned, except perhaps the shareholders in the Suez Canal.

Many of the present embarrassing features of the situation are not due either in whole or in part to the unfitness or unpreparedness of the Mexican people for self-government. They are the direct consequence of the pure motives which have inspired Don Francisco Madero and of the high ideals which he has pursued. Human nature being what it is, in Mexico as well as elsewhere, the doctrine which Madero presented to his followers in the hour of victory, that to the victors do not belong the spoils, did not excite unbounded enthusiasm. Indeed in many circles it added weight to the charge already brought with frequency against Madero that he was a dreamer in politics and a philosopher of the study rather than a practical leader of men. Another embarrassment was created by the fact that this was a civilian revolution against a military despotism. It was this feature of the Madero revolt that had appealed to the best people of Mexico. It was a rising of theoretically free-born citizens against the military chief who remained in power intrenched behind the bayonets of convict soldiers and by whom the people of the country were practically enslaved.

This lofty note having been struck in the war plan published at San Luis Potosí, such a break with the Central-American tradition and practice having been made, the revolution could not end, as had so many in Mexico and adjacent States, by a more or less equitable distribution of the offices and spoils among the victors, though such a course would have undoubtedly led to an immediate, if only temporary, pacification of the country. I have the best of reasons for knowing that Madero was fully alive to the dangers of the choice which he made when confronted by the horns of this dilemma. He never wavered, however, in his confidence in his people, and once Diaz had disappeared from the scene he disbanded the fifty thousand successful revolutionists, with the excep-

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tion of a few hundred who were admitted into the rural police, and sent them to their homes. They went with the consciousness of duty done and a promise of improved conditions, but with little or no immediate and tangible reward. And in a military sense the defeated cohorts of Diaz, as represented in the regular federal army, remained masters of the situation.

Of course it was planned by the provisional government to withdraw from the colors all men who had been drafted into the regular federal army, or men whose military service was being accepted in lieu of prison sentence; but with many other problems at hand pressing for solution, very little progress seems to have been made in the way of putting this plan into operation. So powerful was the course of events, so confident was Madero in the integrity of his people and the almost absolute unanimity of their acceptance of his plan and platform, that at a time when his country was, and indeed any other country under similar circumstances would have been, the scene of great disorders and an attractive field for those uneasy spirits who fish in troubled waters, and as the elections approached, which there was no reason to believe would take an entirely placid course, he placed the army, which is practically the police power, in the hands of the defeated party. The importance of this step can, of course, be greatly exaggerated, but it is certain that it gave to the people who had defended the despotic régime until its collapse a strong position from which to oppose or hamper the enforcement of the revolutionary reforms.

Madero's conduct in this respect may have been quixotic, and it is certain that many of the troubles by which the new régime is hampered would have been obviated by the taking of a less confiding, a less lawful, course. Believing that the civil would never again become subordinate to the military arm of the government, Madero overlooked the undoubted power which in a country like Mexico is derived from the support and adherence of an army of twenty thousand men, however poorly educated they may be, and however faulty their equipment, and however out of touch they may be with the political aspirations of the people. Madero also paid his people the high compliment of expecting from them a keener political sense and a greater measure of self-control than they have been able to compass, surprisingly

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great as have been their achievements in both these directions. The popular ferment and unrest so noticeable to-day in many parts of Mexico is undoubtedly, in part at least, a consequence of the great demands of self-restraint which the revolutionary chief has made upon the people; and while conditions are admittedly disquieting, they are certainly preferable to the hopeless gloom and discontent which would have possessed the better classes of Mexican society had the higher ideals of their idolized leader been completely shattered, as so many observers of Mexican affairs did not hesitate to prophesy they would be, by the first impact with reality.

This little Mexican gentleman is an interesting and a profitable study even from this side of the border. He neither smokes nor attends bull-fights. He abhors the barbaric pomp with which Diaz loved to surround himself. He is not a friend of lotteries, and he plans the end of the pulque traffic. He has never mixed with men, yet he has been able to placate more conflicting interests and clashing groups than Diaz did in his thirty years of power. He risked friends, family and fortune at the call of duty in the revolutionary game at which he was a mere tyro, a somewhat ludicrous one as Diaz thought. He is reasonable where his personal position or preferment are concerned. He would like to take a back seat and spend his days in his library, but once you trench upon his ideals the little man is adamant, as Mexican politicians are finding out every day to their sorrow and discontent.

There are, however, men in Mexico quite as patriotic as Madero and no more corrupted by politics than he, who look upon the vacillating course of the provisional government and the development of the Madero policies with misgivings which they no longer attempt to conceal. It is an undeniable advantage that now at last an authoritative voice has made itself heard above the tumult of discussion and recrimination.

As much as, and perhaps more than, any other man outside of the Madero family, Don José Vasconcelos contributed to the success of the revolution. His popularity is undoubted and deserved, and the open letter in which after two months' trial he takes the provisional government to task has created an immense sensation in Mexico. Vasconcelos regrets the imprisonment of several revolutionary leaders. While ad-

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mitting that they had committed technical offenses, he asserts that the strong arm of the law had better, much better, have been first extended in quite another direction. He calls upon the Minister of the Interior to arrest and bring to speedy trial the former Governor of Puebla, whom he describes as "the murderer of Serdan, the tool of Diaz, a bushwhacker on the public roads and an embezzler of public funds."

He asserts that the recent tragic occurrences in Puebla are repetitions of things that happened under the misrule of the despot, which he characterizes as having been the most bloody and bloodthirsty régime in history. He regrets that even to-day the same threadbare pretexts are advanced to justify what he regards as unprovoked slaughter. He sees on every side the same methods and the same men as of before the revolution. He demands the arrest and trial of Colonel Blanquet, who was in command of Puebla and is a Porfirista. He claims that people will not believe in the justice of the revolutionary cause so long as men like Blanquet and Luque wear the uniform of general. "We recognize," continues Vasconcelos, "the honesty of your purpose and the purity of your intentions." The letter, though published in all the papers, is addressed to the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Emilio Vasquez Gomez. "But, Mr. Minister, your friends, your admirers and your fellow-citizens have seen your arm tremble. You have shown that you lack the holy wrath of the Redeemed. You have demonstrated that you cannot dispense the bolt-like justice which strikes terror to the evil-doer, nor yet the consuming fire of Jehovah which cuts down and purifies. You have been inexorable in the punishment of several of our generous leaders, who, it would appear, have violated legal formalities. Still, they meted out substantial punishment to the evil-doers, and provided that effective justice which the people demand. It is the deplorable situation to-day that our noble leaders are imprisoned, while so many of the immensely guilty are at liberty to conspire and are conspiring against the revolution. Mr. Minister: the oppressed and the expropriated, who thought they had come into their own again, do not care to listen to all this talk of legal formalities, because they know that it was behind the shield of these very laws that Don Porfirio committed his countless atrocities. Our people know full well the cynical impudence with which

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the little lawyer politicians of Mexico and Central America justify by law all manner of infamous actions.

"The people of Mexico do not think this a fitting moment to discuss questions of international law, but they call upon you to do frank justice even in defiance of the law should such a course be necessary.

"When our laws are such and when our institutions have their origin in the polluted well of the Porfirista régime, it becomes the duty to spurn them, to trample them under foot. A certain section of the press is calling for the union of all Mexicans, and claims to be interpreting your policy, but you should remember that before the desired union can be brought about a certain policy of selection has to be realized. It certainly can be said without injustice and without passion that union with those who deserve the gallows or at least the prison is neither honorable nor possible. You should not interpret this patriotic desire for union as meaning reconciliation with Martinism or with any of the despicable factions of Porfirioism. The country merely wants the union of all healthy elements and useful factors among our citizens, whether they be liberals or Catholics, ex-Porfiristas and Cientificos (if there are any good ones)—in a word, the union of all men of good faith without distinction of opinions, but always with the rigid exclusion of those who have committed punishable deeds which still cry out for justice."

This letter is undoubtedly the most illuminating document that has come out of Mexico since the enforced resignation of President Diaz. It is valuable as much for the frame of mind which it reveals as from the statement of facts, as seen at least by one distinguished leader of the revolution, which it contains. Obviously the complete avoidance of reprisals upon the agents of Diaz which Madero has insisted upon has not given universal satisfaction. He has told his people to leave these hangmen and executioners of Diaz' decrees to popular contempt, but the widows and the orphans and their friends cry out for something more, in accordance with the old traditions which are so hard to outlive.

The occasion of this letter, and of much of the popular excitement which has followed it, was the clash at Puebla between federal soldiers and revolutionists which resulted in the death of many score of the latter and of their sym-

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pathizers. The facts are not quite plain to this day, but it would appear that the revolutionists of Puebla, who were early in the field and are of an extremely radical type, becoming disgusted with what they considered the irresolute course of the provisional government, made an attack on the penitentiary, which was successfully resisted by regular soldiers under the command of Colonel Blanquet, who, it would seem, was a favorite of Diaz. Some think that the revolutionists merely intended to release a few of their former comrades in duress for minor offenses; by others it is maintained that a lynching party was planned. Be this as it may, it is evident that Colonel Blanquet only did his duty as a soldier, and that he should be sustained rather than cashiered or dismissed. It is also clear, however, from the disturbances which have followed and the bitter feelings which the shooting has aroused, that it was most unwise to leave a Porfirista colonel and a garrison of the defeated regulars in a position where they could with impunity, and undoubtedly with keen enjoyment did, shoot down a hundred of their conquerors, perhaps merely intent upon a jail delivery, certainly a sympathetic and laudable enterprise in the eyes of many Mexicans at this moment, exasperated by the slower processes of law.

One result of the shooting, and of the tempestuous letter of Vasconcelos given in part above, has been the retirement of Don Emilio Vasquez Gomez from the Ministry of the Interior. Don Emilio is a brother of Dr. Francisco Vasquez Gomez, who was often characterized as the wheelhorse of the revolution and is now Minister of Education. The retirement of Don Emilio, who lacked ministerial qualities, has been made the occasion of a general examination into and report upon revolutionary progress as it goes on behind the thin veil of the provisional régime.

On the credit side of the ledger several very satisfactory entries have been made. They have passed unnoticed by us, and are even in danger of being overlooked by the Mexicans themselves. Peaceable elections have been held in the States of Campeche and Querétaro. In both the Madero party has triumphed, and, what is more significant, the defeated partisans are loud in their praise of the fairness with which the first real elections in Mexico were held. The victory of the Liberals and the Progressives in Querétaro is an especial subject of congratulation, because it is

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admitted on all sides that this State was the stronghold of the Church party, whose organization, numbers and wealth Diaz always held up as a warning to those few of his followers who wished him to modernize his methods. With manhood suffrage, the despot maintained, the Clericals would outvote the Liberals; so he had his police do all the voting, and remained in power.

In Chihuahua, where, undoubtedly owing to proximity to the United States and to the fact that so many of its inhabitants have sojourned for years in Texas, and are consequently politically more efficient than the average Mexican, law and order has been maintained, the administration completely remodeled and the forms of legal procedure simplified. Several of the great territorial lords have been brought to court and will have to stand trial on charges of various crimes and misdemeanors, the popular belief in the truthfulness of which was certainly one of the most active recruiting agencies of the revolution. Strikes are breaking out and are being threatened with alarming frequency, but it should not be forgotten, as it has been, that Madero settled the most important strike that the country has ever known, that of the street railways in the City of Mexico, upon terms that were just and honorable to both parties. It must have been discouraging, however, for the Mexicans, who attach considerable importance to American press opinion, to read in a great New York paper recently a lament for the Diaz régime, under which strikes never occurred. Still the Mexicans at least have not forgotten the barbarous shooting down of strikers under Diaz' orders at Rio Blanco and Cananea, and they recognize that these arbitrary and bloodthirsty actions were one of the most potent causes of the revolution.

Undeniably the present is full of difficulties, and the future is overhung with clouds, some of them pretty dark ones. A people who have been politically gagged and strait-jacketed are suddenly called upon to live and let live under the freest institutions. It is a tremendous ordeal which chance or destiny has imposed. It would be something revolutionary in revolutions if set-backs were not frequent. There are, however, rainbows of promise too, which I perhaps am inclined to over-emphasize, seeing, as I do, that the darker side of the picture is more frequently drawn—perhaps I am justified in saying overdrawn—in the American

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press. One of the most hopeful features is the fact that in Mexico there does not exist the abyss between the energetic peon class and the highly educated classes which is a characteristic of so many Latin-American States. A remarkable demonstration of this fraternity was given on the 24th and 25th of May when the populace of the City of Mexico, exasperated by the double-dealing and tergiversations of President Diaz' lieutenants, took possession of the City of Mexico, no one opposing, and were, there can be no denial, on the point of murdering the stubborn despot and reducing his city to a heap of ashes. The students, the young officers, school-teachers, men and women, joined themselves with the charging mobs and turned what promised to be a day of disaster into a day of honor for Mexican democracy. There must be hope for a people who, when exasperated beyond measure and in full control, can listen to the voice of reason, extinguish their torches, lay down their bludgeons and sheath their knives. From that hour I was converted to the belief that, though with many painful incidents and disheartening vicissitudes, the Mexican people will yet work out their salvation, and have by their many sacrifices at least earned the right to try.

Another and even more hopeful sign is the whole-souled love and appreciation of education which is the characteristic of all Mexicans, and is particularly strong in the lower or less fortunate classes. This thirst for knowledge is quite as strong in Mexico to-day as it was in the Japan of a generation ago. While the Mexican may not have the rare persistence of the Japanese peasant, who is ever willing to starve his body to feed his mind, the peon has certainly a quicker intelligence and greater aptitudes. The Mexicans have much affinity with the Japanese, and an understanding of and sympathy for them which is proved up to the hilt whenever the two peoples come into contact. "Why, these are not foreigners, these are our own people," shouted the peons, as during the recent celebrations the Japanese marines and blue-jackets marched through their streets. Some think, of course, that the Mexican peon is not of such stern stuff as is his cousin from the rising sun. Time alone, however, can prove or disprove this.

But there is an awakening among the Mexicans, a growing appreciation of their fortunate situation. They are beginning to recognize that they are possessed of one of the most

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desirable and potentially rich countries of the world. They have seen the wealth of their country unlocked and converted into comfort, well-being, and education and other desirable things by the stranger that is within their gates, and they would follow his example. They recognize that their greatest need is education, and when Dr. Francisco Vasquez Gomez, the first of the revolutionary leaders to return to the capital, told the hundred thousand people who waited his coming for many hours, though half clad and in a chilling rain, "We will build schools, and we will build roads. Every road will lead to a school, out of every school a road will lead to higher things. We have nothing to fear in Mexico but ignorance, and that, if we work together, we will annihilate." The people cheered and cried, cried and cheered. When I asked an American with large and varied business affairs in the republic who in war and peace could always keep his people at work, scattered as they were throughout the country, and without close supervision, how he did it, he answered: "This is all my secret. Whenever a man is the least bit promising, I put his children to school. If necessary, we clothe the children, arrange the dreadful formalities. It only costs a little money and a little time, but it is a wonderful investment. I should hate to tell you what a percentage it pays me. The father and mother are remade, and the whole family is bound to the job by ties which are stronger than bonds of steel."

I myself have seen a patient woman fishing out her befuddled husband and lord from the stupid herd outside a pulque-shop, that curse of Mexico which, unless controlled, or, better still, eradicated, will blight the fair promise of the land, and, while picking out her particular unfortunate, I heard her say, "Dionysio, how can you do this thing, you who are the father of children who are learning to read?" And Dionysio, though befuddled, seemed ashamed and made visible efforts to pull himself together. To-day in Mexico, if only the great majority would ever bear in mind that they are the fathers of children who under favorable auspices may learn to read and run the race of life along a higher course, all the handicaps of heredity and of environment will weigh as nothing. Mexico will get on its feet again and will stand alone to its lasting advantage and ours.

STEPHEN BONSAL.

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THE ALDRICH BANKING PLAN AS IT AFFECTS THE PEOPLE

BY WILBER L. STONEX

THE most of the articles appearing in the public prints concerning the Aldrich money and banking plan have been written by representatives of the banking interests, and except in minor details it is approved by them. I cannot, indeed, now recall having seen any written by representatives of the people. Yet it is important to remember that the relation existing between a banker and the patron of a bank is very much the same as that between buyer and seller—their interests are necessarily antagonistic. The borrower wants to get money at the lowest possible rate and the lender naturally wants to receive the highest. In any particular case the rate will naturally depend upon the available supply of money, although the rate may be arbitrarily fixed by an agreement between lenders regardless of the supply.

And considering the subject as a national problem, we must not forget that the borrowers always greatly exceed the lenders in number, and that a fundamental principle of political science is that the highest purpose of every civil government ought to be to secure the greatest good to the greatest number.

The world's experience is that in this particular—the obtaining at a fair price of their needed medium of exchange—the interests of the many, if cared for at all, must be cared for by the people as a whole acting through their Government.

An examination of Mr. Aldrich's proposed banking law shows that he would take from the people and give to the bankers the absolute control of the people's money. His plan is to place the final decision of such a vital question,

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for instance, as the amount of money to be put in circulation in the hands of a board of forty-five members, not one of whom would hold his position by the votes of the people or of their representatives. Three of the members would be appointive officers of the Government—the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and the Controller of the Currency. All of the rest would be chosen by the bankers whose banks would hold stock in the central bank, or "reserve association" as it is called, except three, who as officers of this association would be members *ex officio*. Of the others all but twelve may be officers of national banks and the excepted twelve may be directors of such banks. It may safely be assumed that the legislation of this large body would be carried on by methods similar to those prevailing in the Senate, and that if Mr. Aldrich himself were to be the presiding officer it would not be difficult for him, through committees deftly selected, to control its action.

It is apparent that in such a body there would be no opportunity for the people, or their representatives, to make their wishes known effectively if their wishes conflicted with those of the banking interests. It is as if the railroad companies should propose a central governing board composed of railroad officers and directors empowered to fix the traffic rates which the people are to pay; or if the making of the tariff rates should be delegated to a body representing only those who would be benefited by them.

For more than two hundred years there has been a continual controversy between the money-lending class and the people as to the amount of money which should be in circulation, and always, no matter what the amount may have been at any time, the money-lending class has considered it excessive and sought to force a contraction. In the colonial days there was practically no money in the hands of the people until, forced by necessity, the colonies themselves became their people's bankers and began to emit bills of credit for their relief. This was from the first opposed by those who controlled the little supply of money in existence, because it brought them in competition with the public loan offices and reduced the rates of interest. The bills of credit issued by the colonies were in the nature of loans of the public credit to those needing money who were able to give security for the repayment of the loans. As the loans were

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repaid the bills were generally canceled by the loan officers and retired from circulation, or "sunk" as it was termed.

Franklin, in his *Autobiography*, tells of this controversy between the lenders and borrowers in 1729 in Pennsylvania and the part he took in it. He says:

"About this time there was a cry among the people for more paper money, only fifteen thousand pounds being extant in the province and that soon to be sunk. The wealthy inhabitants opposed any addition, being against all paper currency."

The principal part taken by Franklin in this controversy consisted in the publication of a pamphlet entitled *The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency*, of which he says:

"It was well received by the common people in general, but the rich men disliked it, for it increased and strengthened the clamor for more money."

In this pamphlet he gave the reason for the opposition of the money-lenders:

"Because a plentiful currency will lower interest and make it common to lend on less security."

The advantages of a plentiful currency he thus stated:

"It will tend to enliven trade exceedingly because people will find more profit in employing their money that way than in usury, and many that understand business very well, but have not a stock sufficient of their own, will be encouraged to borrow money to trade with when they can have it at a moderate interest."

In advising as to the issue of paper money and the rate of interest in Pennsylvania he said:

"I cannot see any good reason why four per cent. to the loan office should not be thought sufficient."

The economic principle upon which these colonial bills of credit were issued was the same as that on which our greenbacks are issued; and the method of putting them in circulation was very much the same as with the "*crédit foncier*" now in operation in France and as with the administration of the Advances to Settlers Act of New Zealand. Before the Revolution these bills were issued by all of the colonies and by their aid prosperity became universal. These issues were quite generally suspended during the Revolution at the request of the Continental Congress to give currency to its issues. After the Revolution, when the States began again to issue bills, the old controversy again

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arose between the two classes, although the scarcity of money was such that the prevailing interest rate was one per cent. a month, and the manufacturing interests were crushed under it. Professor McMasters, in his *History of the American People,* in describing the alignment of interests in this controversy in the State of New York, says:

"On the one side were the importers, the holders of stock [obligations bearing interest], the speculators in cash as they were called, the moneyed men and the great body of creditors. . . . With the friends of the emission were the shop-keepers in the great towns, the merchants in the country villages, manufacturers, and debtors."

By a combination of the money-lending interests—those who with Hamilton and Morris favored bank emissions to the exclusion of all State issues, and those with Langdon, Ellsworth, and Wilson who opposed all paper issues—the Constitutional Convention kept out of the Constitution the proposed grant of power to the Federal Congress to emit bills of credit, and prohibited their emission by the States. The result was that the ratification of the Constitution left the people with no money but specie, caused a severe contraction of the currency and brought great distress. To provide the needed money, which now only private issues could supply, private banks of issue quickly came into existence. Hamilton, to the fullest extent, favored the principle of paper money, but to be issued by banks rather than by the Government and preferably by a single bank, which, like the bank proposed by Mr. Aldrich, should have entire control of the issue of all bank-notes in circulation. In his report to Congress in which he recommended the chartering of such a bank he unequivocally declared that he favored a plentiful supply of paper currency, even though the result would be to drive out of the country much of the little quantity of coin that was then in it. He said:

"It is certain that the vivification of industry by a full circulation, with the aid of a proper and well-regulated paper credit, may more than compensate for the loss of a part of the gold and silver of a nation."

And he also fully agreed with Franklin as to the benefit to a country of a low rate of interest; and he recommended that the bank which he advised Congress to charter should not be allowed to charge a higher interest or discount rate than six per cent. And he added:

"There is room to question whether the limit ought not rather to be five than six per cent. as proposed. It may with safety be taken for granted

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that the former rate would yield an ample dividend, perhaps as much as the latter by the extension it would give to business. The natural effect of low interest is to increase trade and industry, because undertakings of every kind can be prosecuted with greater advantage. This is a truth generally admitted. . . . Everything, therefore, which tends to lower the rate of interest is peculiarly worthy of the cares of legislators."

It may be here noted that the modern fiction that low interest rates are dangerous because they tend to invite speculation had not then been invented.

Unhappily, but as might have been expected, the bank which was chartered on Hamilton's recommendation did not act upon his theory. Instead of assisting to increase the circulation, it endeavored to contract it. It limited its issue of bills to an amount not exceeding the specie held by it; and claiming a monopoly on the issue of bank-notes, it began a fierce attack on the State-chartered banks. The effect of this was to reduce the circulation from $7.77 per capita in 1795 to $6.22 in 1800. The policy of the second Bank of the United States was the same, and the consequences were even more disastrous.

After the expiration of the charter of the first bank, the Government afforded the people some relief by an issue of treasury notes, and private bank circulation was increased. In 1815, four years after the charter of the first Bank of the United States had expired, the per capita circulation had risen to $14.58. The second bank was chartered in 1816. Through its influence the treasury notes were retired, and by 1819 the circulation was contracted to $7.74 per capita, with the result of causing the great industrial and financial panic of that year.

Ever since that time, acting in accordance with the same selfish policy, the whole influence of the money interests has been constantly toward restricting the volume of currency; sometimes by a reduction of interest on the bonds securing circulation and sometimes by a direct tax on the circulation or by both. That a fair amount is now in circulation is due only to the demand of the people enforced through their representatives in Congress.

A contraction of the present volume is, as a matter of course, a part of the Aldrich plan.

This is to be effected by fixing as its permanent volume the present amount of national bank-notes. As no provision seems to be made for its increase as population increases,

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the result of the increase of population will be to automatically reduce the per capita amount. I am unable to tell whether it also contemplates the retirement of the greenback, but as this is one of the constant demands of the banking interests, I suspect that it does, and that this is its "joker." One thing is certain, and that is that the bank-notes to be issued under Mr. Aldrich's plan are not to be legal tender as between private citizens.

In another respect the Aldrich plan is not, in my opinion, in accord with sound economical principles or conducive to the public welfare. Its system of currency lacks the essential element of practical elasticity—that is, it does not provide a currency which will naturally and quickly adjust itself to the needs of any single community nor even of the entire country. It is this lack of elasticity which is the source of all our panics and the bane of our present system—a condition which exists nowhere else in the world, except to a slight degree in England. The opinion of Hamilton on this subject was the same as that of all economists whose opinions are not dictated by their personal interests. It was that the prime essential in any sound monetary system is that the volume of currency be subject only to the influence of the natural operation of the law of supply and demand. In indicating its application to the emissions of such a bank as he advised Congress to charter he showed that they could never be dangerously large. He said: "If more should be issued than necessary, it will return upon the bank."

Under the Aldrich plan, we are to start with an arbitrarily fixed amount of currency which he clearly considers excessive. If in the opinion of the money-lenders who would be in absolute control of the currency a larger amount should be at any time needed they may issue notes for such amount, but

"the whole or any part of the first $100,000,000 of such notes shall pay to the Government an annual tax of three per cent.; above $100,000,000 and not more than $200,000,000 may be issued at an annual tax of four per cent.; above $200,000,000 and not more than $300,000,000 may be issued at an annual tax of five per cent.; all above $300,000,000 shall pay a tax of six per cent."

This is progressive rigidity, not natural elasticity.

Yet this penalizing the demand for an increase in the quantity of the tools of trade seems to be the only element

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which gives any semblance of elasticity to the otherwise absolutely rigid volume of currency.

If we assume that six per cent. is the regular rate of interest with the initial volume of circulation, and the bankers decide, for the accommodation of their customers, to increase the amount of the currency by an amount not exceeding $100,000,000 and to pay the tax of three per cent. to get it, at what rate of interest will they loan it to their customers? If the bank is to pay the tax, it must do so at a loss and will simply decline to make the loan. If its customers are required to pay the tax in addition to the interest, the cost of the money will necessarily be so high as to prevent manufacturers from borrowing it, as they could not pay the cost and successfully compete with foreign manufacturers who can borrow at from three to four per cent.

The intimate relation between the manufacturing interests of a country and the prevailing interest rate is, or ought to be, generally known. More than one hundred years ago Secretary Gallatin showed to Congress how the difference between the interest rates in Europe and America handicapped the American manufacturers in their competition for the American market with those of Europe; and he proposed that Congress come to the aid of our manufacturers either by loaning them money, as the colonies had done, at a low rate of interest, or that an import duty be imposed for their protection.

The money interests preferred, then as now, to maintain the high interest rates and levy an import duty, and this was done. And one is justified in doubting whether it was not, after all, the money-lenders who were protected by the duties which the American consumer in the end paid. In my opinion the plan of Mr. Fowler, although it leaves something to be desired, is far better than that of Mr. Aldrich for those whom Franklin described as "the common people."

WILBER L. STONEX.

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INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN JAPAN

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

THE Japanese have often been described as prosaic and lacking in imagination. In any inquiry as to how far they possess this divine faculty it is necessary that we should distinguish between the different modes in which imagination manifests itself. The constructive imagination which bodies forth before the mental vision new and original combinations of ideas wrought into organic unity appears not only in literature, philosophy, and the fine arts, but it also guides and inspires the scientific discoverer, the builder of cities, and the general who plans a battle or a campaign. The Japanese may not equal the Greeks and other more modern Western nations in the power to summon philosophical and poetical visions, but they have certainly exhibited the highest type of constructive imagination in other directions. In the Russian war they showed a grasp of detail and a power of combining and planning which proved able to cope with the greatest strategical and tactical problems that have ever confronted man. The extent of the battle line, the variety and novelty of the means of destruction, the new conditions and unaccustomed uses of each military factor—all these were wrought by the strategic imagination of a Kodama into a force of irresistible impetus. Such a vast complex of details had never before been carried in a human mind. Nor could the generals survey the scene from a high eminence; at the staff headquarters they received intelligence from all parts of the battlefield by telephone, and their orders flashed to the regiments and corps by electricity. Modern war requires in its generals the power of imagination in a far higher measure than did all former situations of military leadership. In the organization of the banking and credit system of Japan her statesmen and financiers have shown a similar grasp and com-

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mand of intangible forces. Nor is the transformation of feudal loyalty and traditional authority into modern political power a lesser achievement. Indeed, the Japanese have abundantly demonstrated their powers of ideal construction. It would even seem that their imagination at times runs riot and pictures forth achievements that are not in accord with the normal laws of human activity. Their mercurial character renders them visionary. They see their nation as the Lohengrin of Asia; some bold individual may undertake to create a new religion; or, again, publicists will propose a diplomatic policy that rests on airy nothing. Yet this characteristic bears witness to the presence of a power of imagination which needs only sobering down by scientific training to make it effective in durable construction. As the Japanese learn to understand more and more the reign of law in nature and in human affairs the waywardness of their visionary nature will be disciplined to more substantial uses. Hearn, who observes in the Japanese a certain incapacity for abstract reasoning, looks forward to the day when they will produce "Napoleons of the practical applications of science."

In the field of fancy the Japanese are among the first. Their imaginative life is Ariel-like. It is a spirit world full of the unaccountable moods of ghosts and fairies, yet with a charm and sweet reasonableness all its own. What more awesome feat of the imagination than the belief that the myriad of ancestral ghosts are upholding the national life and fighting its battles; that the departed witness the action of to-day, glory in our triumphs, are saddened by our defeats! No metaphor here, no poetical fancy merely, but a deep conviction of spirit life, on the strength of which statesmen may build policies and risk the fortune of unequal war. And in its lighter moods, how fanciful is this same spirit world, how full of delicate suggestions and imagery all that is related to it. Mirrors are spirit haunts. Who could ever forget the pathetic story told by Hearn of the little maiden who held gentle converse with the reflection in her silver mirror in the belief that she saw before her the face of her departed mother? When shrines are erected to the greater among the spirits, it is not necessary to fill them with images and altars. The spiritual pervasion is sufficient, and to those who look in through the latticed sides the vacant space within is filled with a presence all the

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more impressive, as no trappings distract the thought from the deep emotion of spiritual contact. All nature is alive with the essence of past generations. The spirits of the drowned move with the waters forever, and there are lord spirits of mountain, of river, and of soil. The soil of Japan is thus sacred in a sense most real and deeply felt by the people.

In its lighter moods, fancy is present everywhere—in the turn of expression, in the interpretation of feeling, in the description of common things. The Japanese are quick to discover the romantic in the ordinary, to catch unobvious analogies; they see existence with the eyes of humor and fancy. Oni, the goblins, and Sennin, the fairies, give their names to plants and insects. A snowy landscape is spoken of as "a silver world." As in their paintings and color prints, the Japanese interpret the beauty of snow in an unrivaled manner; so that they expressed its poetry in spoken words, as in the stanza written by a woman poet far back in the eleventh century:

"To my lover
I thought to show them,
The sweet plum blossoms.
Now snow is falling fast,
Blossoms and snow are one."

Traditionally, poetical expression in Japan has been confined to the light lyrical touches of the Tanka and Haikai. These graceful and delicate sketches give mere suggestions to the mind, which imagination will expand into a more complete picture:

"Morning-glories hold
Bucket at well.
I beg for water."

This may suggest a garden well overgrown with flowers in such profusion that water cannot be drawn without tearing away some of the blossoms, so the considerate maiden must go to the neighbors to ask for water. Such poetry does not stifle the imagination; it is a stimulus at the touch of which a fertile native fancy unfolds its powers. No two men would translate these little Japanese poems alike, because each would receive from them a different imaginative impulse.

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Epic and narrative poetry did not exist in Japan; nor any poetry of extensive form, except the solemn and august hymns chanted in Buddhist and Shinto worship. Some of these are deeply effective in their stately cadence and the images shadowed forth in their language. But poetry in Japan has never risen to that height and that importance as an element in civilization which Western poetry achieved through Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. In the whirl of modern change Japanese literary men have had little time to dream new visions of poetic beauty. In 1882 three authors published jointly a book on the *Poetry of the New Form* (Shintaishi Shu) in an attempt to break down the strict formal requirements of older Japanese poetry, and to introduce a greater freedom of movement and diversity of character. Many experiments have been made. Some writers have produced longer poems divided into stanzas. Others have even experimented with rhyme, but it is so entirely unadapted to Japanese diction that the syllabic cadence had ultimately to be retained. All the innovators favor the free use of Chinese words, which is not admissible under the traditional rules of poetry in Japan. The Japanese seem to have the same feeling toward Chinese words that we hold toward Latin derivatives. These appeal to the intellect and, naturally, well express logical operations, but of the feelings of the heart we do not like to speak in other than the words that have for ages been the mother tongue.

It is in connection with the drama that the power of Japanese imagination especially reveals itself. In our Western opera we let imagination rule and do not strive to reconcile the behavior of the beings on the stage with logical thought. But for a pure dreamland of historical romance and fairy frolic we must go to the Japanese theater. The older drama of Japan was poetical in concept and form. It still survives in the *No* plays, which are performed privately at court festivals and other pretentious entertainments. It is here that the splendor of feudal Japan unfolds itself in all its gorgeousness, as Heredia has pictured it for us in his brilliant sonnets. The resplendent procession moves across the stage to the sound of Old-World music, and with the accompaniment of classic dancing. Here all the traditions of medieval art are still alive. But the diction of the drama is in a classic style so remote from the present

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vernacular that not even educated Japanese can follow the language of the play. It is no more intelligible to the audience than is the Greek of Æschylos to an American playgoer.

Popular play-acting was formerly looked down upon by people of social standing. Actors were despised as outcasts and plays were considered amusing only to the rabble. Yet gradually the drama has developed into an acknowledged institution in the national life. Its material is historical; the stirring life of old feudal Japan—of the daimios, the samurai, and their attendants—in all its brilliant coloring is unfurled before the large audiences of the popular theater. Turning aside from the cares of business, the din of machinery, and the street turmoil of modern Japan, the people here enter the portals of the romantic past and steep themselves in the traditional ideals and aspirations of their nation. Modern life impresses both playwright and theatergoer as essentially unromantic, and the art of the Japanese theater has not yet become realistic in structure and ideas. It still aims at edification rather than illusion. Nevertheless, in the portrayal of nature the most realistic effects are achieved. The waterfalls and snow-storms of the Japanese stage, produced though they are by the simplest of means, would be the despair of the Western stage-manager. There is thus a strange mixture of realistic detail with a dramatic structure that makes great demands upon the imagination.

In addition to the historical plays which are most popular, there are also performed fairy plays in which fire-spitting dragons, talking animals, and bold robber chiefs disport themselves somewhat after the fashion of the spectacular light opera in the West. Another class of plays, called Oiye-mono, deals with the affairs of some illustrious family, and usually portrays troubles between several of its members. Other plays deal with Geisha love.

That the national drama of Japan will develop along new lines is certain. Much that amused in the old theater is already becoming wearisome, and there is a great demand for a drama that will really hold the mirror up to Japanese life. The diction of the traditional plays is not at all intelligible, and acting reduces itself to pantomime. The demand, therefore, is becoming strong that the language of the stage should correspond to the spoken language of the peo-

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ple. Dramas have been composed in accordance with these ideas by many prominent writers such as Tsuboüchi, Yamazaki, and Sano. Tsuboüchi's plays (for instance, "Maki-no-Kata") are melodramatic, but contain forcible scenes and are notably free from the mannerisms and extravagances of the older drama. The actor Kawakami has been the strongest exponent in Japan of the tendencies of Western drama both in its classic and its realistic form, and his exertions have met with great popular applause. Some use has recently been made of novels as the basis for plays, but the dramatic sense of the Japanese is too keen to submit to such a practice. They demand truly dramatic situations, and the story of a novel developed through dialogue is not sufficient to satisfy them. As the life of modern Japan comes upon the stage its dramatic features will claim attention rather than the psychological analysis which would come out in the dialogues of a novel.

The literary history of the Meiji era may be divided into two completed periods and a third which has just begun. The first was the period of adoption of European models, which lasted for twenty years, until about 1888. At that time there took place a sudden reaction against everything Western, a reaction which in the political world led to a number of assassinations and attacks upon statesmen. The second period, an era of ultra-nationalism, lasted for about fifteen years, and in a sense it has not as yet passed. Since the time of the transition from century to century national thought has been controlled by a tendency called Nippon Shugi or Japonicism. This is a modification of the radical form of nationalism, inasmuch as it does not oppose entirely the adoption of foreign institutions, methods, and ideas, but insists on giving them the specific imprint of Japanese nationality. Thus if European Christianity, European jurisprudence, European literary methods are to be tolerated at all there must be infused into them the essential characteristics of Japanese civilization. During the last decade a great many new influences manifested themselves which have led to an individualization of thought. Realism and naturalism in art exert an individualizing influence. Added thereto came the overpowering impulse given to individualism by the study of Nietzsche. The present era in Japan is one of universal search and questioning: the need for positive beliefs and for constructive action is strongly felt,

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but men are anxiously casting about for adequate ideals and principles. Thus every experiment is in order, any original solution is sure of an attentive hearing.

In fiction the differences in method which characterize European literary work are found also in Japan. *The Essence of Fiction*, a little work published by Dr. Tsuboüchi in 1885, had a profound influence in making writing more natural and observation more direct. Among realistic writers the lead is attributed to Koyo Ozaki, a man of wide culture and great literary power, while Takayama stands for naturalism, the later development of the realistic tendencies. On the other hand, Rohan Koda represents the idealists. His work is largely in the realm of historical romance, as, for instance, *Hige-Otoko*, a story of the civil wars of the eighteenth century. He is a master of the classical style, which he interweaves with colloquial forms. His descriptions are poetical, but the movement of his stories is slow and his discussions impress the Japanese as lengthy. Another idealist, Fumio Yano, gained surprising success, especially with his novel *Keikoku Bidan*, which dealt with life in Thebes at the time of Epaminondas. This historical novel sold in such quantities as to enable the author to buy himself a house and to take a trip to Europe. Dr. Yuzo Tsuboüchi, who in his *Essence of Fiction* had denounced the artificial style and morality of Bakin, himself produced a number of novels which contain graphic sketches, though they are not strong from the point of view of plot or portrayal of character. We could hardly expect vivid or searching characterization of individuals from Japanese novelists who are just beginning to train themselves in the careful observation of individual traits. The manner of psychological analysis which, with us is illustrated by George Meredith and Henry James is, however, being cultivated by a school of writers who are known by the name of Futaba-Kai. The principal among these is Soseki Natsume (Kinnosuke). Soseki is a thorough student of English literature and has, moreover, a good command of the Chinese language. This training has enabled him to enrich the Japanese language with many concepts and terms dealing with social and individual psychology. Like the writings of his American compeer, the novels of Soseki are caviar to many. His disquisitions on mental philosophy are understood with difficulty by the ordinary reader, who prefers small talk

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and easy gossip to a psychological criticism of the follies and weaknesses of mankind. Soseki has especial regard for the fiction of English-speaking nations, and little sympathy for the productions of France and Russia, whose moral atmosphere he does not relish. Of late there has also been developed the purpose novel—the story designed to teach some social or political principle. Kinoshita and Miyazaki have been especially successful in this *genre*.

Mr. Rohan Koda has recently pronounced himself upon tendencies in Japanese fiction. He deprecates the loose methods of modern writers who, instead of polishing their style and putting a deep meaning into their language, write in a superficial manner so as to be intelligible at a glance. He believes that the lovers of really good literature have become less numerous. But he is especially out of sympathy with the realistic tendency to portray the deformed and abnormal. As the ordinary phenomena in real life are not interesting enough, novelists exploit the things which cause surprise or disgust. Another writer, in answer to Koda, admits that modern novels deal mostly with men or women who are in some way unbalanced—at the least nervous and hysterical — yet he takes comfort in the thought that the writers of these stories may be about to fathom the deeper problems of human nature and that the study of the abnormal may yield important results. He adds: "We who belong to a new era should go wherever men go and see all that can be seen." Many of the better class of novelists look upon themselves as public educators and attempt to inculcate ideals of devotion and duty by the examples which they depict in their novels. Yet there is also a class of popular fiction which for its interest relies entirely upon illicit and vulgar relations. A number of magazines are devoted almost entirely to this class of writing.

As already indicated, the indirect influence of foreign literature and languages has been very potent in Japan. Foreign models have been consciously imitated, although, as in the case of the drama, there is always a barrier to the full appreciation of Western fiction in the different attitude of the two civilizations to the problems of sex and of character development. The triumphs and defeats of a Becky Sharp, the simple but profound thought in Silas Marner, the tragedy of Tess—all these are so deeply founded in our own social experience that they bear but little meaning to

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the Japanese. It is therefore natural that when drawing upon Western literature in translation they should choose stories of adventure, even cheap detective yarns, in preference to those writings which are the masterpieces of our literature. It is amusing to reflect that the first English novel which had the honor of being translated into Japanese was Lord Lytton's *Ernest Maltravers,* than which a weaker, more inane, or more artificial specimen of novel-writing could scarcely be found among books of standing in English. Yet it is on the basis of this that many Japanese formed their opinion of Western fiction. Among writers whose books have found special favor in Japan are Dumas, Cervantes, Rider Haggard, Jules Verne, and Anthony Hope.

It is interesting to note the connection of authorship with local atmosphere. Thus far the influence of the national capital has been all-important in Japanese literature. The life of Tokio has a *milieu* all its own. During the Tokugawa Shogunate it was the center of feudal life where congregated the daimios with their retainers. A type of character was developed which differs even more from that of the Japanese in general than metropolitan character is ordinarily distinguished from the national life about it. The Tokio townsmen, the Edokko, are popularly described as persons boastful in speech, presumptuous and quarrelsome in behavior, and improvident in the expenditure of money. These characteristics of the Edokko are explained as an imitation of the manners of the professional warrior class of feudal days among whom swashbucklers were not uncommon. These military men affected shortness of speech, abbreviating words, and speaking in curt phrases, resembling the *Schneidigkeit* of German officers. The lower orders, forced into a position of cringing servility, were nevertheless eager to pick up the manner of the superior beings. Native critics of Tokio further portray the populace as superficial, devoted to a shallow optimism, prone to conceal all real feelings, given to fickleness and levity, and deficient in stability of purpose.

Exaggerated though these characteristics undoubtedly are by novelists, for literary effect, their portrayal yet gives the dominant note to recent Japanese fiction. Thus in Tokio light literature finds its source and center. The scenes of novels are laid there, and the language employed is the Tokio colloquial. But it cannot be said that there has been

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produced a literature with an effective grasp of a local situation even for the life of Tokio. The great importance of the capital is a result of the centralizing tendency through which all Japanese life has been unified and brought under one system. Uniformity of education and the imitation of foreign models have combined to neutralize local influence. The novels are all cast in one mould, local differences and the perception of individual traits are overridden by general ideas. The burden of the classicism of a past when men were not free to write as they pleased, but were obliged to follow models in a servile manner, also still weighs upon Japanese literary life. Yet Yanagawa feels encouraged to speak of the "new and strong freshness which fills the air of our literary world." Through the efforts and observations of the naturalist school, Tokio is certain to be ousted from the position of dominance which it has occupied, for writers are beginning to study their local environment and to give their novels a more individual character.

It is notable, in view of what has been said above concerning literary expression, that the Japanese nevertheless seem to have a delicate sense for the effects produced upon human character by different localities. One writer says that in Tokio it is easy to distinguish between men who dwell on the hills and those who live below amid the bustle and turmoil of the streets: "Though we may meet such persons only casually, we know from their behavior and their language where they come from." This is borne out by our recollection of the strife which arose between Confucian scholars who dwelt in the lower part of the town (Shita-Machi) and those who lived on the heights (Yamate). It has also been observed that books composed in the north of Japan are more gloomy and serious than those written by southerners.

In essays the favorite form is biographical. The careers of prominent men—writers, politicians, leaders in industrial life—are a never-failing subject of interest; foreign notabilities, too, are included in the repertoire—from monarchs and presidents to criminals and revolutionaries. The men who attain the greatest reputation and who are most worshipped by the public, and especially by the young, are, next to successful generals, the leaders in public affairs. Parliamentary life, though superficial in its influence, has yet made a striking impression upon the imagination of young men.

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A method by which magazine editors have of late been trying to interest their readers and increase their circulation is in each issue to dissect some prominent literary man. Concerning the victim, other *litterateurs* of reputation are interviewed; and their opinions about his work and personality, the quality of his style, the points of strength and weakness in his methods, are published at length. This process of being laid on the operating-table is by no means grateful to men of sensitive, retiring dispositions; but there is no help for it, they have to pay the price of notability. It is unusual for prominent men of affairs to write for Japanese magazines, but a very popular way of bringing their thought before the public is to have them interviewed. From the standpoint of the subject of the sketch there is an advantage in that the editor alone is responsible for the exact expressions used, a specific statement to that effect being usually made. The Japanese statesman is, therefore, under no obligation to disavow any of the ideas in an interview which he may find inconvenient.

Among recent essayists, none has won greater consideration than Shuntei Toyabe. This notable writer, who died in 1908, made his style especially powerful through an intimate knowledge of Chinese, which enabled him to use old idioms and classical allusions in such a way as to express modern thought in a novel and striking manner. In his biographical essays, which were written with a masterly hand, he always took pains to give his subject a historical and literary setting. He saw in his characters the nobler side of human nature, although he dealt critically with the current action of public men. Thus he exercised a great influence upon public opinion, and it would have been possible for him to become a powerful factor in practical politics had he so desired. It is interesting to hear Toyabe say, "The four men whom I most admire are Chow Kung, Shakespeare, Emerson, and Carlyle." The deep meaning of Chow, the superhuman talent for character analysis displayed by Shakespeare, and the insight which distinguish Carlyle and Emerson, were what attracted him to these men. As an analyst of human qualities he may be compared with Macaulay, even in the brilliance of his style.

Among all forms of literary expression the newspaper press has received the greatest impetus through the changes introduced in the Meiji era. The Japanese are in general

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not a bookish people. There is a common feeling that a wise man need not read, and there is little real taste for literature among the masses of the population. Books do not play the prominent part in Japan that is accorded them in the life of the West; but, on the other hand, cheap, light fiction and newspapers are read a great deal, and the public is large, as nearly all Japanese have a reading knowledge. Thus the press has become a great power in Japan both for good and for evil. And this even in its infancy, for it is almost entirely a creation of the Meiji era, though under the Shogunate news sheets (yomiuri) were given out. These, published as occasion demanded, were printed from blocks, although separate letters had been in use for some centuries, and were hawked about the streets after any event had occurred of sufficient note to warrant publication. A description of the deeds of the Forty-seven Ronin was circulated about the streets of Tokio within a few hours of their death. Sometimes the imagination was drawn on and events were reported before they had happened. Since the Restoration, journals have been established in increasing numbers, until they now form a cardinal element in Japanese civilization.

A distinct line must be drawn between respectable and yellow journals. The respectable press, which includes such papers as the *Asahi*, the *Jiji*, the *Nichi-Nichi*, and the *Kokumin*, compares favorably with the papers of other nations, although the foreign news service of Japanese journals is rather meager, since regular correspondents are maintained only in China and in a few of the most important Western capitals. The yellow journals are taken up very largely with personal notes and scandals. Their sole object is to make a sensation, and they are exceedingly unscrupulous in the manner in which they deal with private character. As a result, while they are read eagerly for the spicy information which they contain, they are not taken seriously by the public. Should they undertake to deal with important matters, no attention is given them, so that even a splendid "scoop" will hardly be believed and will receive no credit. But it is these papers that have the largest circulation. Several of them boast of one hundred and fifty thousand subscribers, while only one or two of the decent papers have over one hundred thousand, and most have to be satisfied with less than one-third that number. Several facts should be noted in explaining the success of the yellow

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journals. On account of the difference in the literary style, the better class of newspapers is not readily understood by uneducated people. The small newspapers which cater to the wants of the masses are exceedingly cheap, being sold for but twenty sen per month, which brings them within reach of the poorest members of the community. The news items which give them their chief interest may suit the small-minded, but this press certainly cannot be looked upon as an educational influence. Its great success is not a matter for congratulation, as it stands for a wholesale contamination of the reading public. On the other hand, the serious press of Japan occupies a position of real influence through the moulding of an intelligent and responsible public opinion. Editorial writers, while poorly paid, are respected, and repeatedly men have, through their work in the sanctum, prepared themselves for performing the duties of high public office.

A condition has been established in Japan which makes the growth of a class of independent literary men possible. The development of a large reading public, which includes men of all degrees of culture and of all varieties of tastes, calls for special professional training on the part of writers. The returns, while still modest, are yet in many cases sufficient to enable a literary man to support himself through his writings. A poor man will naturally seek to connect himself with some journal or magazine so as to have steady occupation. Those who have gained more literary fame may be able to put forth individual works at a considerable profit. Some novels sell in tens of thousands, whereas thirty years ago no book would be issued in more than a few hundred copies. While the results of the literary democratization of Japan may not be altogether encouraging, since an impetus has been given to certain contaminating manifestations and enterprises, yet in all this activity there is enough of sound literary development to be full of promise for the future. In former years the writer who was not a priest or a samurai poet was looked upon as a man without a calling, and his life was indeed precarious and generally sad. Even now Japan has not as yet passed beyond the period of Grubb Street literary life. A great many writers of ability are forced to struggle with poverty and to live, however much they may dislike it, a bohemian life. As late as 1909 a prominent literary man, Bizan Kawakami, committed suicide be-

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cause of poverty. Another martyr was Ryokuwu Saito, who died a few years ago. His novels, well designed and carefully written, are conceived in the spirit of realism. By temper he was a satirist, and his observations on character are keen and cutting. In his personal fortune Saito was most unhappy. His bad health was made more unbearable by his poverty. Though he was punctilious in social observances, he was perforce ultra-bohemian in his private life. Being improvident as well as poor, he resembled the eighteenth-century poets whose struggles and sufferings Johnson has described for us. Saito was forced to buy his food off stands on the streets. He shunned society and would not allow even his friends to know where he lived, mailing letters from offices distant from his place of residence in order to keep from them a knowledge of his abject poverty.

There are other authors in Japan who, while living in great simplicity, may be looked upon as enjoying the fullest happiness. Such was Fukuzawa. Adventuresome in his youth in the pursuit of knowledge, he braved poverty and danger in order to master whatever was accessible of Western learning. When the new era dawned the mastery he had acquired enabled him to become the great teacher of his nation, yet so narrow was the conservatism of the many that he was constantly in danger of violence. Meanwhile he worked on with might and main writing his books on European civilization, and through the columns of the *Jiji* bringing the light of Western thought to the educated people of Japan. His books had an enormous circulation. The *Gakumon-no-susume* had sold seven hundred thousand copies within five or six years of its publication, and altogether millions of volumes of Fukuzawa's works were sold. The income from these writings was invested in a great school, Keio Gijuku, where he gathered about him hundreds of promising men who carried his ideas to the ends of the country. The welding of a nation, the breaking down of distinctions between warriors and peasants, is the work which he promoted. No writer of Japan has wielded a greater influence. The man's great simplicity and his notable geniality of manner won the hearts of his students and enlisted their undying friendship. Very fond of traveling, he took numerous trips in company with members of his family and friends, sometimes going with a party of

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twenty or more. On these trips he was satisfied to travel third class and to live on the ordinary fare at the inns. He was a good traveling companion and, though the leader, placed absolutely no restraint upon those with him, allowing his companions to arrange their life according to their own convenience. A tremendous walker, he even in his old age took trips in the mountains on which younger men could scarcely follow him.

Another type of Japanese intellect appears in Dr. Jiro Kitao who died in 1907. A very precocious child, he had mastered at the age of ten the Chinese classics and was able to write Chinese poetry. His prodigious memory was especially noteworthy. At the age of sixteen he went to Germany, where he stayed for thirteen years, studying under Helmholtz and other scientists. He later had a controversy with the great German physicist, because he claimed to be the original inventor of the lucuscope. After he returned to Japan he became a professor at the Imperial University and at the College of Agriculture. He always retained a great interest in German literature, studying Goethe, and himself writing a German novel, *Waldnymphe*. His chief scientific works on metallurgy and subsoil moisture were also published in German. When he first returned to Japan he had forgotten his mother tongue to such an extent that it was difficult for him to deliver his lectures. He soon recovered his mastery, however, and his wonderful memory made it possible for him to use the most difficult Chinese idioms to the constant astonishment of his students. He had also given much attention to Greek literature and was a lover of music. Though married and having a pleasant family life, he was a recluse, living day and night with his books. When he had worked for a long time over some difficult matter and finally a solution flashed upon him, he would shout *banzai* so loudly that every one in the house would be aware of his triumph. In his zeal for knowledge he neglected his bodily welfare; his nerves became overwrought, and toward the close of his life he at times went into a state of ecstasy.

Country life has a great attraction for Japanese authors, and many of them feel a powerful yearning for the soil. Thus Kanjiro Tokutomi has become a veritable Tolstoi, living on a farm and tilling the soil with his own hands. He says: " For a man like me to be living the life of a peas-

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ant may seem a profitless undertaking, but I know of nothing comparable to what I feel when I tread the ground barefoot. Here it is that a man gets strength. It seems to me that those who are nearest the earth are nearest to heaven.'' He enjoys the quiet, simple life, the hard work of the field, the sound sleep with which it is rewarded, all of which refreshes his spirits, wearied with the distractions of modern city existence.

It may also be interesting to glance at the life of a publisher, Hanhichi Yoshikawa, who died in 1903. He began his business experience as an apprentice boy in a rice-shop. As the rice merchants resorted to underhanded means for making money he left his master and engaged under a confectioner. Finding the eating of sweetmeats bad for his stomach, he went on to a second-hand store; but he discovered that his master's profit came from the selling of counterfeit articles and did not wish to lend his assistance to such practices. He therefore determined to seek employment in a bookshop, considering that book-dealers trade for the benefit of their fellow-men rather than for personal gain. He began by hawking books about Osaka and Yedo. After he had established a shop of his own, he opened a reading-room, where for one cent per hour students were able to consult the best authors. Gradually he won the confidence of teachers and the public, and was intrusted with the publication of many important books, building up in this way a large and profitable trade. After his death his name was commemorated by his descendants through the republication of a valuable dictionary.

The types of experience above portrayed are taken from a great mass of material; the selection made does not necessarily imply exceptional prominence of the particular man in the intellectual life of Japan, but is intended to illustrate various phases of literary activity as well as the general conditions of life.

While the old class arrangement has nearly disappeared in Japan, newer social and professional distinctions have grown up which are quite as marked as were the older forms of social diversity. The different professional interests have very little in common. There are the land-owners and the priests, the class of public men, the class of literary men, and the class of merchants. Each lives in its own world and has little contact with or interest in any of the others.

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It is not uncommon for a public official of high rank to show complete ignorance of what the literary men of Japan are doing. The latter on their side live in the world of imagination, and unless they are essayists like Toyabe interest themselves but little in current affairs. The literary statesmanship of the West, of which Guizot, Gladstone, Balfour, and Roosevelt are examples, is unknown in Japan where statesmen will not even write their memoirs. There are, of course, some exceptions to this. Thus while Count Okuma is not distinctively a literary man his connection with and interest in the world of knowledge are intimate.

The position of literary men in Japan differs in many essential respects from that which is accorded writers of prominence in the Western world. The individuality of literary fame and literary personality in its various aspects have not been developed in the Orient to nearly the same extent as in the West. The great books to which men return again and again for guidance and inspiration have been written thousands of years ago, and those men who earned fame thereafter won their laurels by writing commentaries upon the classics. No merit attached to originality. Moreover, most writings were anonymous. Especially if they were original was it advisable that the author should not make his personality too prominent. While learning was always respected, authorship never had the position in Japan and other Oriental countries that it has enjoyed in the West from the Greeks down to the present.

The Japanese mind will excel in the future in many directions, but the greatest development may be expected in those activities for which racial and social experience has best prepared the intellect. A strong but selective realism in literature, delicate word-painting, the successful search for mastery over the forces of nature, a grasp of social and political relationships—these are among the things we may expect from the Japan of the future. At present all is still in the turmoil and uncertainty of a Titanic struggle of opposing forces from which only gradually there emerging the mind and spirit of modern Japan.

PAUL S. REINSCH.

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IN BEHALF OF THE GENERAL READER

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Lord Chesterfield once warned his son against "the communicative and shining pedants who adorn their conversation, even with women, by happy quotations of Greek and Latin." And he added the excellent advice to shun empty display: "If you would avoid the accusation of pedantry, on the one hand, or the suspicion of ignorance on the other, abstain from learned ostentation. Speak the language of the company you are in; speak it purely and unlarded with any other."

It is a pity that Chesterfield's suggestion to his son has not produced more impression upon certain of the writers of our time. There is one prolific British author who might be cited as a horrible example and whose pages are a rag-bag of allusions and quotations in any and every language, including his own. The assumption of this writer seems to be that all the readers of any of his works are as familiar with these languages as he is himself and that they will recognize the most recondite allusions collected during his own multifarious reading. This is most intolerable and not to be endured; it is nothing less than the superfluity of naughtiness. It is akin to the arrogant insolence of the bishop who quoted Hebrew in a sermon to a remote and rustic congregation, and who justified himself with the airy explanation that "everybody knows a little Hebrew."

Now, everybody does not know a little Hebrew. Everybody does not know even a little French or German. Every one has not had even a little Latin to linger indistinct and doubtful in the recesses of his memory. And those who happen to have Hebrew and Latin may not have any French or German, just as those who are on speaking terms with these modern tongues may never have been introduced to the ancient and honorable languages. No author has any

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right to assume that any reader is possessed of precisely his own equipment; and such an assumption is at bottom simply impertinent. And, therefore, every author would do well to ponder Chesterfield's command to " speak the language of the company you are in; speak it purely and unlarded with any other."

The presumption that an author is at liberty to do as he pleases in his own book is contrary to the fundamental and eternal principle that books are written for the benefit of the readers—or at least that books are published for the benefit of the readers. The author, after having composed his work for his own delight, to express himself, is under no compulsion to give it to the world. He is justified in so doing only if he conceives that his writing has a purpose to accomplish—that is, if he believes that it will bestow either pleasure or profit upon those who may peruse it. If he refuses to consider his readers, then the publication of his book is for the sake of the writer himself, not of these readers. It becomes an exhibition of essential selfishness, mere vanity and vexation of spirit. A book ought to be rich with the full flavor of the author's personality; primarily it ought to express him—but secondarily it is for the sole benefit of the reader.

A book which is worth while is a special message from its writer to the readers; and the reception of the message is, and must be, in proportion to the skill with which this message has been phrased to appeal to all who are willing to hear it. To say this is not to suggest that the author must write down to the level of " the man in the street "; and yet many of the masterpieces of literature—Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe,* for example, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* Whitman's *O Captain, My Captain* and Kipling's *Recessional,* Voltaire's *Charles XII.,* and Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*—are not elevated above the easy comprehension of those whose educational opportunities have been but scant. The author need not " write down," but he ought to " write broad "—if the word may be ventured. He ought to be possessed of a sympathetic understanding of the state of his readers' minds, of their previous knowledge of the subject, of their opinions, and even of their prejudices. He may choose the class of readers whom he wishes to reach, and then he must ever keep in mind the capabilities and the limitations of all the members of this group.

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It is the good fortune of the drama that it is the most democratic of the arts, since it must direct itself to the people as a whole. It has been called "a function of the crowd"; and the duty of the dramatist is to find the greatest common denominator of the throng. Yet this appeal to the multitude has never debased the drama. "Hamlet" and "Tartuffe" are most popular plays, and they are also masterpieces of dramatic art. Shakespeare and Molière did not condescend to the public; they gave that public the best they had in them, but with the utmost care to give it also what they knew it relished. Of course very few plays have ever had the breadth of appeal of "Hamlet" and "Tartuffe"; and the modern dramatist, when he is building his play, is likely to have in mind some subdivision of the throng, the larger segment that craves the fierce joys of melodrama, or the smaller cross-section that is ever eager to discuss the problem play.

It is a choice of this sort that the writer of books is bound to make before he starts in on his work—and especially the writer of history, of biography and of criticism. Is he going to write for the general reader, for the average man and woman of average intelligence and of average education, or is he resolved to limit the circulation of his work to himself and to the tiny knot of his fellow-specialists? In other words, shall he follow the example of the French or the example of the Germans? Will he make his book readable by all, as the French try to do, or shall he be satisfied to have it hopelessly unreadable, except by a sharply restricted circle of like-minded students, as the Germans very often prefer to do? It is true, of course, that there are French books which are hopelessly unreadable, and it is sad to see that their number has been increasing of late. It is equally true that there are also German books which are as readable as the best of the French. Yet the distinction holds good in the main; and there is no denying that the German is inclined to address himself mainly to his fellow-scholars, whereas the Frenchman deliberately devotes himself to the task of interesting the general reader. The Germans insist on scientific thoroughness, and they are willing to pay a heavy price for it. The French are governed by the social instinct which urges them to endeavor to please and to attract. "Your scientific critic is usually a wearisome creature," said John Burroughs; and the Teutonic

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investigator is often pitiless in his stern resolution to approve himself a scientific critic. The French view is scarcely overstated in an early letter of Taine's in which he dared the assertion that "at bottom books are not books unless they are amusing; the others are only library furniture."

Where the German toils like a man of the cloister, a secluded Benedictine, aiming to be appreciated only by those whose training has been as arduous as his own, disdainful of the plaudits of the vulgar, and almost suspicious of any outside popularity, the Frenchman remains a man of the world, interested in life as much as in literature, not neglectful of the latest accretions of knowledge, but holding these to be valuable only as they can be co-ordinated into a more comprehensive consideration of the subject in its larger relations. Where the German scholar is likely to be solitary the French scholar is social and sociable. The late Gaston Boissier, who combined Teutonic thoroughness with Gallic clarity and charm, once declared the principles which underlie French literature and which explain its universality. The French author is rarely a solitary dreamer, so Boissier tells us. "Like the orator, he seeks to convince and to persuade. He addresses himself to the public. He takes pains to be clear so that he may be understood, whatever the subject he may be treating. He arranges his matter carefully; he develops his ideas into generalities; he wants to be comprehended by all."

It is because this has been the ideal of the French man of letters that French literature has won its way all over the world and that French is still the second language of every educated man, whatever his native speech. French literature has the element of universality. Intensely national as it may be, it is not narrowly local; it appeals to humanity at large. One of my colleagues at Columbia has told me that he once heard a professor in a German university advise his students to buy rather the French translation of his own monumental work than the German original — because the French version was clearer and therefore more easily read. Transparent clarity is the dominant characteristic of French literature. This may account in part for the inadequacy of French poetry, but it is an inestimable profit for French prose. A French book is widely read in its own language outside the borders of France, and it lends itself easily to translation into a host of strange tongues.

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To Germany we have to go for the army of books which extend the confines of knowledge, and yet not a few German books almost force us to conquer that knowledge for ourselves. The facts we are seeking are contained in the works of the German author or they are concealed there, entangled with a heterogeny of other facts which cumber the pathway to our goal,—we cannot see the forest for the trees. We are stunned by the noise of the apparatus which intimidates us from the approach to the essential product. The facts are there somewhere, if we can only find them, and the ideas also which interpret those facts, but they are likely to be inextricably commingled with other facts and other ideas, with endless quotations and endless citations and endless references. As a result we cannot help regretting that Dr. Holmes did not carry out a humorous suggestion he once let fall: "I sometimes feel as if I should like to found a chair to teach the ignorance of what people do not want to know."

Here in the United States of late years many of our historians and biographers and not a few of our literary critics have gone to school to the Germans, to their abiding profit. They have learned the needed lesson of scientific solidity of knowledge. Unfortunately they have often imbibed from their Teutonic teachers not only a taste for absolute precision of information, but also a relish for parading the results of their praiseworthy industry. They insist upon setting forth the minutest details of their investigations. In their recoil from the quagmire of belleslettristic trifling they have fallen into the abyss of pedantry. They are making books which are not only unreadable by the average reader, but which are frankly not intended to be read by anybody, except by a circle of fellow-specialists. They discuss the least important technical details and indulge in interminable controversy over questions of no vital interest. They even assume in every reader an acquaintance with the preceding stages of the discussion. Perhaps the attitude of these Teutonified Americans was reduced to the absurd not long ago by an American professor of history who declared that a recent publication was his ideal of what a book ought to be, because its pages contained but two or three lines of text at the top, the remaining space being surrendered to unending foot-notes stuffed with references and citations. Such books are contributions rather to science than to lit-

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erature; they are honorable and necessary; they are definite contributions to scholarship.

Plainly enough, the author of any book built upon this plan must have renounced in advance all hope of attracting any readers other than those who were as strictly scientific as himself. His book was not a book; it was only library furniture, to be consulted on occasion, but never to be enjoyed. It may have all the scientific virtues, but it is devoid of all artistic attributes. Its defects are intentional, no doubt, but they are none the less deplorable. They are due to a mistaken standard—or at least to the adoption of a standard which the greatest historians have rejected. Gibbon, for example, built his monument more enduring than brass; and for nearly a century and a half this massive work has withstood the ravages of time and the assaults of those who have been unwilling to accept his opinions. His *Decline and Fall* has scientific thoroughness and also artistic fascination. The ample narrative flows unimpeded through his pages, and his foot-notes do not obstruct the current, even if they are often as good reading as the text itself.

More than half a century later Mommsen put forth his history of Rome, constructed by a mighty effort of historic interpretation and only occasionally weighted down by a foot-note which might distract the attention of the general reader, for whose benefit it had been directly prepared. Apparently the great German historian felt that to vaunt his own researches and his own original interpretations and to thrust forward the sources of his extended knowledge would be an act akin to that of the architect of a towering cathedral who should insist on leaving up the scaffolding which had facilitated its erection. Mommsen conscientiously addressed his history of Rome to the general readers, and took his measures accordingly, not to repel, but to attract those readers. His constitutional history, on the other hand, from the very nature of its subject, could not appeal to the general reader, but only to the specialist in political science. Therefore, this later work was very properly prepared upon a different plan; it was designed for the more limited group of professional students, and for their sake it was buttressed with quotations, citations, and references.

There is no warrant for the prevalent belief that there is a necessary conflict between scientific thoroughness in preparation and artistic attractiveness of presentation. The

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scientific historian may very properly despise the essential falsity of Carlyle's *French Revolution,* but the only sound basis for their contemptuous dislike must be sought in the Scotch humorist's wilful neglect of necessary information of which he might easily have availed himself, and not in the interpretative imagination he displayed in evoking the striking figures of that strange turmoil. Carlyle is to be discredited not because he had the skill of a literary artist, but because he was wanting in scientific integrity. And this is also the verdict which must be rendered upon the histories of Carlyle's disciple, Froude. The two British historians have fallen out of favor with serious students not on account of their possession of art, but on account of their lack of science. As Gibbon proved, and Mommsen also, science and art are not incompatible or even hostile.

Perhaps there is no better example of the skilful driving of science and art harnessed to the same wagon than can be found in Gaston Boissier's illuminating studies of Roman life and character in the last days of the Republic and the early days of the Empire. In this great scholar's pages Cicero and his friends stand out as they lived; the springs of their actions are laid bare and the temper of their minds. These vital portraits are the result of the utmost intimacy with the records they have left and with the latest researches of the humblest investigators. No doubt has ever been cast upon the solidity of Boissier's scientific knowledge of the period or of the persons he presented to us. Boissier is as scientific as Gibbon or as Mommsen, and like them he refrained from all wanton parade of his scholarship. When he composed one of his interpretative resuscitations he abided by his own explanation of the French point of view. Like the orator, he sought to convince and to persuade; he addressed himself to the general public; he took pains to be clear; he arranged his matter carefully; he developed his ideas into generalities; he wanted to be comprehended by all. And in thus achieving art he did not forego science; that was the solid support of his alluring essays; that was the steel frame, hidden within and yet supporting the external beauty of his marble arches.

In Gaston Boissier's books art is always visible and science is ever concealed. There is rarely a Latin quotation or even a Latin word; and this foreign term, when it does occur, is invariably elucidated for the benefit of those un-

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familiar with the language of the Romans. There is scarcely a foot-note, except now and again the citation of an authority or a courteous reference to the explanation put forth by some other scholar. Indeed, Boissier's foot-notes are fewer than Mommsen's and far fewer than Gibbon's; and when he traces for us the intricate complexities of the opposition under the Cæsars our attention is never distracted from the pellucid narrative in which he has distilled the results of his indefatigable study. Above all, his writings are wholly free from all controversy over the opinions of other scholars with whom he has failed to find himself in accord, and we are never detained or annoyed by acrimonious wranglings or by discourteous personalities. He is as unpedantic as may be. He writes like a man of the world, familiar with all that has happened since the period he is dealing with, and apt in recalling modern instances to illuminate ancient opinions. He is continually explaining the present by the past and the past by the present. His attitude is always that of a courteous host who welcomes us by setting before us his best wine, but who never insists on our inspecting the ample cellars whence this choice vintage has been drawn.

There is an old saying that a good workman is known by his chips; yet the accomplished craftsman does not send these chips to the customer to certify his workmanship. He lets the product of his labor speak for itself, and he is never tempted to invite the rest of us into the workshop that we may spy into the secrets of his trade. Now this is just what many modern craftsmen persist in doing, seduced by the bad example of the Germans and neglecting the good example of the French. They demand that we take notice of the skeleton, overlooking the fact that only the tortoise wears his backbone on the outside and that the higher vertebrates prefer to conceal it. This scientific skeleton ought to sustain the body, no doubt, but there is no need to force it into view. Perhaps this parade of his necessary apparatus may be pardoned in young scholars; here it is the outward and visible sign of adequate preparation. But it is no longer needed when the neophyte has won his spurs. The more mature writer may dismiss his list of authorities and all his paraphernalia of bibliography to the harmless and necessary appendix, which may serve as a reservoir of information for the benefit of those who wish to drink

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deep. When his prentice years are left behind him, he need not feel called upon to prove his acquaintance with the tools of his trade. This is, then, to be taken for granted; and there is no necessity to flaunt it in the face of the general reader.

That it is possible to unite scientific thoroughness and artistic presentation has been proved by Gibbon and Mommsen and Boissier—an Englishman, a German, and a Frenchman. The ability to do this is not the exclusive possession of the scholars of any one nationality, although it is more common among the French, since they are franker in their recognition of the social instinct. It can be discovered in the *Attic Orators* of Jebb and in the *Aspects of Greek Genius* of Butcher. It is as evident in the biological essays of Huxley as in the psychologic studies of William James. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a better example of the combination of science and art than can be discovered in the iridescent pages of James. His discussions of the complex problems of physiological psychology—discussions rich in speculative suggestions, wealthy with original inquiry, supported by imaginative ingenuity — are yet so simply stated that they can be understood by the people. They were contributions to science which only his fellow-scientists could properly appreciate, but none the less did they appeal to the average reader of average education and of average intelligence.

To write so as to satisfy one's equals and so as to appeal also to those who are not specialists—that is not easy. Yet it can be achieved by taking thought, and it is worth all the pains it costs. That way wisdom lies, and the sooner American scholars recognize this truth the better it will be for the future—if our literature is to be enriched with books that are books and not merely library furniture.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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THE PRESENT STATE OF POETRY

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

When in the fifteenth century the Italian poet Politian called poetry "the solace of men and the everlasting joy of the Gods," he spoke with an assurance that might have failed him could he have had a momentary forward glimpse across four hundred years of literary history. It is inevitable that his eloquent words should gain, for us, a perplexing commentary from the state of poetry in our day. For though it is somewhat difficult to say, with any show of authority, what amount of joy the Gods may be deriving at present from this art, one may assert without much hesitancy that men are getting from it very little solace. And however distasteful Politian might have found such an admission, he would probably have been honest enough to agree that modern life has forgotten the uses of the poets.

It is very curious that this condition of atrophy should exist for poetry, in view of the fact that just now there appear to be more writers of verse than there have been at any time in the history of literature. An English critic conservatively calculates that there are fifty-two minor poets at liberty on his island, and our prosperous land can probably double the count. No one of these so far has proved himself a Goethe, but a considerable number of them are imaginative artists of high distinction. Whatever their powers, and though they may be reckoned by scores, the product of their art appears, if we measure it by its influence, as an insignificant detritus around the bases of the real mountains of modern thought — a thing ignored by those who sit upon the heights—a negligible element in the story of the intellectual life of our epoch. *O quæ mutatio rerum!* Once Lorenzo de Medici could turn from the task of governing Florence to the reading of Petrarch and the

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writing of sonnets; Sir Walter Raleigh laid aside his brilliant lyrics to accomplish his adventurous voyages to the New World; and Edmund Spenser's Secretaryship to the Government of Ireland did not preclude him from becoming the author of the greatest poem of his age. There were giants in those days—giants who did not contemn poetry. But the direct influence of the Renaissance, when such things were possible, has been partly absorbed and partly dissipated; and we face the fact that in our own time the active and the poetical life have parted company. With rare exceptions serious and efficient men of the present do not come within bowing distance of poetry from one year's end to another.

Special students of literature are not the only persons who may find interest in contemplating this situation: it is one of general import. For if we conclude that the modern world—and particularly the American section of it—is wrong in its rejection of poetry and is mistakenly thrusting aside a valuable adjunct of intellectual experience, the question of reform is of common concern. Or if, on the other hand, we find that modern taste in this matter is sagacious, then surely it is a discovery of some moment—worthy of being proclaimed as one of the brilliant achievements of the age—that this practice of poetry, so long fostered by a deluded race, has been tested and found of a piece with many another discarded superstition. And so the question forces itself upon us as a matter of more than academic inquiry—why in this day is poetry a negligible quantity in general American life?

One hears it said for answer in certain quarters that our twilight of the poets results from the growth of a general sordidness and concentration upon material things, the predominance of which drives out all interest in the works of a finer idealism. I am a little distrustful of the conclusions of those who posit this or some other mysterious deadening influence, fatal to imagination, growing out of modern life. For no quality of our age seems more obvious than the vast idealism and leaping imagination which are the life-breath of its humanitarian ambitions and its material conquests. Nor, on the other hand, can one dismiss the problem as with a wave of the hand by saying that our poets are such inferior ones that no one cares to read them. For in the first place, the assumption is not true. Much of our

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poetry is excellent: one could name a dozen men whose work is worthy of the most careful attention of serious readers. And in the second place, one does not observe any very passionate pilgrimage of modern readers back to the illustrious poets of the past, whose writings are still of easy access to any who care to seek them. What one does see is a brilliant, powerful, and creative age wholly indifferent to good or to bad poetry.

It is easier and more customary to bring forward abundant justification for this indifference on the part of the public than it is to explain the underlying causes. One needs only to state the situation to perceive its plausibility. Here is a nation of tremendous practical activity; each man absorbed in the practice of a profession, the development of an industry or the direction of a commercial enterprise. Each individual finds his days crowded very full of affairs that must be given guidance and ideas that must be put into action. For a man's immediate undertaking an intricate technique must be mastered and applied; and poetry cannot help him in this. For his leisure he wants entertainment and diversion; and poetry seems so remote, so unreal, and so preternaturally serious that it offers nothing of attraction. Thus in neither his work nor his play does he feel the need of the possible service of poetry. And various misunderstandings foster this separation. The man of affairs offends the poets by his devotion to commerce and his disregard of their idealism; they offend him by writing what is Greek to him and by being rather impractical persons. So they agree to leave each other severely alone, and they generally carry out the agreement. No attitude on the part of the public could be more natural and logical; for ours is a strictly utilitarian age, and the dust-heap is the obviously appropriate repository for any element that cannot demonstrate its immediate worth. The pressure of material needs in a comparatively new country makes this inevitable.

It is, however, only a beginning to convince oneself that this situation is a perfectly natural one. The chief point of interest, the cause of all this, still eludes one. Before entering upon the pursuit of the real answer to our question it may be well to prepare nets for its capture by stopping for a moment to put in order our notions of poetry and of the nature of its forces.

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No other anaylsis of the art seems to me quite so expressive as that which ignores questions of form—epic, lyric, and the like—and bases its divisions on two essentially different attitudes of the artist toward the material he uses. This classification allies all poetry to one or the other of two great types. The one type is that in which the element of intellectual play predominates; the other type is that in which the element of intellectual enlightenment predominates.

By the first, or play element, I mean to indicate that type of poetry in which the aim of the writer and the attraction for the reader are chiefly a pleasant recreation or excursion of the mind, an agreeable absorption in a beautiful thought or a beautiful form of expression. Verses of exquisite imagery and lingering music, songs which capture the moonrise or imprison the sunset, all belong here. They may be of the most varying degree of profundity—either "Little Miss Muffet," or "Kubla Khan" and "St. Agnes' Eve." But much as they differ one from another, they are all alike in the one particular—they all have as their aim the expression of ideas for the sake of their æsthetic or decorative value. As we read such poetry our minds are relaxed from the strenuous energies and keen concentration which real life exacts from us as we face it; and we pass gradually into an imaginary world of delicate fancies and alluring half-lights, haunting memories and delightful unrealities, which, be they grave or gay, never have the disturbing menace or the brutal immutability of fact. As Sidney says: "Nature's world is brazen; the poets, only, deliver a golden." To such a world the tired or baffled mind may resort for consolation and forgetfulness, and this phase of poetry has always been able to offer to such readers a large and innocent measure of happiness.

By the second or enlightening element of poetry I mean to describe that variety which has as its aim the interpreting, analyzing, and clarifying of the facts and purposes of life by means of the perceptive and expressive power of art. It includes not mere didactic poetry, but rather all poetry which is enlightening in the sense in which every genuine extension of the sympathies or sharpening of the perceptions is an enlightenment. Poetry of this variety attempts to select, from the heterogeneous welter of sensations and reactions that constitute our consciousness and our memory,

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those episodes which have serious meaning in the human drama and to arrange these so as to express something of the spiritual values involved. It is a criticism of life, to use Matthew Arnold's much-abused term, a formative statement of ideals and inspirations.

Though these two phases, the play element and the enlightenment element, often meet in one work, they are at bottom strongly contrasted. The first is an escape from life, the second an illumination of life. While the one leads the reader away from the turmoil of experience into the repose of beauty, the other purifies and enlightens reality by piercing that cloudy murk with the beams of ideal interpretations and appraisements. The work of Keats in such characteristic poems as the "Psyche" or the "*Belle Dame*" stands as an illustrious example of the first phase; the work of Shelley represents the second.

These elements make their appeal in many cases to different temperaments and different audiences. For instance, one finds a few readers of very high literary cultivation and intellectual sophistication who feel, rightly or wrongly, that the enlightening type of poetry has very little to say to them. It can disclose, they believe, no new mental vistas to minds already familiar with the great storehouses of the world's past thought; to them it seems only the shrill repetition of long-since established verities. Minds of this rare type of cultivation will often be more attracted by the play element of poetry. They may weary of what seems to them the superfluous restatement of old truths, but they have still ear to give to the graceful expression of a delicate fancy or the music of a harmoniously flowing song.

But on the other hand, this play element will have no fascination for any audience that has not considerable leisure and culture and sophistication. The average educated man will not like it, for he uses his mind to work with and he is not practised in the art of employing mental activity as an instrument of play. The reason that paintings and music and decorative poetry are to him a sealed book is that he has never learned the knack of abandoning himself at the proper moment to the wings of fancy. He has not had time to master the little conventions and tacit assumptions that hedge every art. The conceits of poetry seem strange, unreal, unnatural to him, for he has never been accustomed to the peculiar fourth dimension in which they move. He finds

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it an incomprehensible region full of fantastic activities; in watching them he is conscious of what Walter Pater feels in the figures of Botticelli—"a passion and energy greater than any known issue of them explains." And all of this is true not only of the uneducated and stupid reader, but even more strikingly of the highly specialized and keenly intelligent man who is accomplishing most in our society to-day.

Now an examination of any large quantity of modern poetry will make it plain that, while the intelligent readers of our time have been steadily losing the faculty of enjoying the play element, the writers have been steadily concentrating their efforts more and more upon this phase of the art. Fascinated by the unquestionable brilliance of such lights as Keats and Poe, they have devoted their energies to the achievement of similar triumphs. They have done beautiful work, but in a narrow sphere, content to be limited by what Professor Bradley calls "the bewitching inward world of the poet's soul and its shadowy adventures." For instance, I find in a recent magazine that of its four poems one concerns the call of the wind to the wanderer, another pictures a lonely road in the rain, another the ghosts of dead lovers that return, and the fourth a bird singing in a tree. Each is treated as a tiny picture, to be worked with infinite care into that most precious of enamels—song. Each one is charming, decorative—and trivial. Now, it is an excellent thing to feel and depict the beauty of one small corner of life, but it is still more excellent to realize the exact magnitude of the part which that fragment plays in the larger scheme of things and to express the whole scope of its relations. Compare these themes with those of such a poet as Homer, who, to use the words of Plato,

> "speaks of human society and of intercourse of men good and bad, skilled and unskilled, and of gods conversing with one another and with mankind, and about what happens in Heaven and in the world below, and of the generations of Gods and heroes."

Modern poetry seems thin beside such a strain. No exquisiteness of execution in these designs of birds and flowers can compensate for the breadth of comprehension which they have sacrificed. Not only have they sacrificed scope, but all except a few of them have sacrificed passion also to the prudences of the magazine editors. Passion may be enlightening, but prettiness never. Yet the day of prettiness

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is with us: witness the following instance. Out of a catalogue of recent volumes of poetry I select the following typical titles: "Ægean Echoes," "Forget-me-nots," "Poems," "Dreams," "The Man and the Rose," another "Poems," "Violet Verses," "Lyrics from Lotus Land," "Driftwood." No one of these themes will be able to tempt a busy man to stay home from the theater to read it. No one of them is likely to prove to be anything more than the charmingly expressed elaboration of a private fancy. I should be the last to deny that such arabesques of beauty have their fascination and their high value as a form of subtle play for the mind. But the exquisite expression of a complex emotion or the sympathetic interpretation of a rare mood of nature interests only literary and studious people, who are few.

In saying these things I do not for a moment forget to blame those qualities of inertia, ignorance, and crassness in the public, which are the despair of the poet. The great mass of men will never be open to the direct influence of his idealism; they will always run away from his visions to see a moving-picture show. But even facing this fact, I am reluctant to admit that the poets are justified in dismissing the whole body of their contemporaries as a pack of vulgar fools. If the intelligent portion of the public is not drawn to their work, I think it occasion for a very searching self-examination on the part of the poets. The great need of the modern poet is to bring himself into a keener sense of service and into closer communication with his fellow-men. He has not gone his half of the way toward them, and he ought to go far more than half of the way. As Professor Santayana says:

> "Literature has its piety, its conscience. It cannot long forget, without forfeiting all dignity, that it serves a burdened and perplexed creature; a human animal struggling to persuade the universal sphinx to propose a more intelligible riddle."

Hence it is well for a writer to remember that the poets exist for the people, not the people for the poets, and that any sane ideal of the poet's function must shrink from the conception of a poetry which makes no honest attempt to reach the majority of even the distinctly intellectual portion of mankind. Art need never abandon those subtleties of technique which so fascinate the initiated, but its larger

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masses and total purpose should have general intelligibility and universal appeal.

It is often said that any tendency in literature which has to rely on the appreciation of the few is likely to be an unsound one: and the saying is certainly true when the few are not the most vigorous natures, but rather the oversophisticated and impotent ones. Modern poets cannot flatter themselves that they, like Shelley, are too high and subtle of thought to be understood or appreciated by the general world. Their isolation is the result of aloofness from the concerns of toiling men and of the cultivation of a separate sphere of thought where trifles bulk large to the brooding consciousness. Nor can they, like Keats, plead the valid excuse of a new continent added to the world of pure Beauty. A new poetic form, the petty lyric, has been their contribution to the progress of poesy. With this petty lyric they have crowded the corners of the magazines and the lavender-colored bindings of the publishers, until even those of us who worship the very ground before the shrine of the Delphic Apollo cry out that these charms and amulets hawked in the streets are a sorry substitute for the grave authentic voice of the Oracle. For as the English poet, Maurice Browne, writes:

> "The poet is both artist and prophet. Poetry does not mean the making of verses. He who makes beautiful verses is an artist, one for whom no praise can be too great, since he adds to the world's pleasure. But the poet is something different, something, as I think, far higher. For not only must he be an artist, . . . but also he must have some great new hope to offer, some great new message to deliver, that men may pause awhile to listen and wonder and be glad."

Many of the minds whose sense of the perils of this present isolation might have produced a change have doubtless been drawn away from poetry to industrial work by the incomparably greater rewards and honors offered there. Meanwhile the remaining ones, a band of specialists, have developed their powers in the direction of graceful form, impeccable music, and delicate imagination, unaware that the great army of men was steadily marching away from them in the quest of practical achievement. And so the situation of to-day has resulted. The mind of the nation is intensely bent upon perfectly definite material or intellectual aims; the poets are pouring out a great wealth of exquisite jewel-work in song; and if for a moment the two divergent

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parties pause to look at each other each is filled with astonishment, incredulity, and contempt for the employment of the other. As one of the most serious of modern poets, William Watson, puts it, it appears to the men of affairs that:

> "The idly tuneful, the loquacious throng
> Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
> And little masters make a toy of song
> Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme."

To the poets it seems, in the words which an essayist, John Jay Chapman, uses in another connection, that:

> "The present commercial tyranny . . . lies like a heavy fog of intellectual depression over the whole kingdom of Mammon and is fed by the smoke from a million factories. The artist works in it, the thinker thinks in it. Even the saint is born in it. The rain of ashes from the nineteenth-century Vesuvius of business seems to be burying all our landscape."

And so the poets and the people move, in general apart, mutually misunderstanding and mutually disliking each other.

To bring them together would not be easy. It seems unlikely that the American people will ever become an audience possessed of the degree of cultivation required for a general appreciation of the play element in poetry. Certainly such is not to be expected for many, many generations. But ours is a people of astonishing intellectual vigor and great, perhaps unparalleled, imagination; and these two facts make it incredible that we shall continue forever to live on terms of divorce from our poets. The probable line along which the reconciliation must come is one which offers great encouragement for the future.

To me it is very clear that we must look to the other phase of poetry—not the play element, but the enlightening element—to bring about this reunion. I am optimistic enough to believe that, if contemporary poetry succeeded in expressing the living ideals and the significant forces of modern life the readers would no longer stand apart from it. I do not mean the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, who probably read nothing, but I have in mind the large class of educated men who to-day are strangers to poetry. They would listen, I think, if poetry were to speak to them loftily of the real interests of their lives, gripping their intellects and touching their hearts with the notes of a pas-

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sion not alien to them. This formative side of poetry, this power of voicing vital aims and values, is not a dead force; it will at some future time draw the people back to it with an irresistible attraction.

Such a task the poets must assume. If they wish general attention they must crystallize from the cloudy liquor the thoughts gropingly present in the minds of all. They must formulate the common sympathies and desires, proclaiming with clearness and precision what the masses feel with indistinctness and vacillation. I cannot doubt the effect that such an achievement would produce. I believe that any poet could capture our attention in an instant if he were to speak to us about the vital elements of our emotion or the serious convictions of our intellect. We would listen gladly to a master of poetic insight and appropriate speech, who expressed truly and beautifully all that we feel and hope as to the progress of the race or the destiny of the individual.

This fact can be demonstrated by one familiar example. When Edwin Markham's "Man with the Hoe" was published, it came nearer than anything else has done, in my recollection, to becoming a great popular poem. It is a work of no extraordinary profundity of thought or beauty of language, but it happened to voice a criticism and an ideal which were latent in the minds of the many; and so it touched that hidden spring which controls the great flood of popular emotion. The infrequency of such an episode shows how far the poets are from understanding the common aims. Kipling comes nearer than most; but the praises which hailed his approach are dying out as men discover that his idealism is not high enough, his imagination not vast enough, his sympathies not magnanimous enough, to formulate their hopes, even though he tries with consummate skill to trick them by talking of their common affairs and in their common language. They perceive that he is a brilliant journalist, but not a seer or a poet.

Few modern poets make even such an attempt as this. As a class they have gone their way into a remote chamber of their own, a little jewel-cabinet such as that of which William Blake wrote:

> "The cabinet is formed of gold,
> And pearl and crystal shining bright,
> And within it opens into a world
> And a little lovely moony night."

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Outside in the greater world of strenuous daylight the activity of life has gone on unabated by this withdrawal. I confess that I think it has gone on more blunderingly, with more misconceptions of the aims and ends of effort, and toward more barren goals than it might have done could it have had the benefit of the critical and interpretive power of a vigorous body of enlightening poetry. The ideals which it has developed are often false and generally ill-defined. They need exemplification, analysis, light. They need the utterance of a lofty voice, as once in a former time they found it in the poetry attributed to King David. Let us not forget what has been said many times before, that the prophets of Israel were the poets of Israel. And it still remains as true to-day as it was three thousand years ago that for the expressing and shaping of our highest intuitions, no medium can possibly take the place of poetry. As Shelley, perhaps the subtlest mind ever devoted to the study of the theory of this art, writes:

> "The cultivation of poetry is never more to be desired than at periods when, from an excess of the selfish and calculating principle, the accumulations of the materials of life exceed the quantity of the power of assimilating them to the internal laws of human nature. . . . It is not for want of admirable doctrines that men hate, and despise, and censure, and deceive, and subjugate one another. . . . We want the creative faculty to imagine that which we know; we want the generous impulse to act that which we imagine; we want the poetry of life. . . ."

Great poetry is a trumpet to the spirit, a voice in the night. Our society in its search for happiness is marching to-day in a disordered mob along divergent paths largely because of the lack of such guidance.

Certain of the older poets, such as Milton and Shelley, were the very trumpet voices of the great hopes of their time. But they express the ideals of their age and not of ours. In their works marvelous treasures await the seeker, but the dust of years is upon them. Their revolutions are long since over; their revealments, however little use we make of them, have long since been commonplaces to us; we require a fresh statement of the eternal verities in their application to the interests which lie before us. This is a task that cannot be done once for all, since the basic facts of human nature, though immutable, appear in different forms to every age. Science, and social and religious changes have

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revolutionized our outlook, opening to us a vast area of thought unknown a few decades ago. New interpretations are necessary and a recasting of old conceptions. A point of view from which to regard life, differing from any previous one, must be developed to embrace this widening of the mental horizon. This is the possible office of poetry and here the need of a great modern poet.

To me it is very clear that a remarkable period of poetic revival is at hand. I do not mean to indicate that I see the slightest tendency toward it as yet, for I see not even a glimmer of such an event. But I feel that present conditions necessarily imply such a step for the future. This chaos of popular ideals, this worship of second-rate gods, cannot be regarded, by any one who has faith in human nature, as a condition of permanent duration. The limousine cannot forever be regarded as the measure of individual happiness, nor the steel output as the index of national progress. A sense of purposelessness in national life, a need of an inspiriting idealism, a reaction against external and material standards, must certainly spring up in the general mind. Just as an observer at the end of the eighteenth century, looking upon the artificiality and shallowness which pervaded English manners and literature of that period, might have infallibly predicted that a thirst would soon arise which would drive the people toward the springs of a profounder conception of life, so to-day one may discern a different ailment and prophesy a new rejuvenation of spiritual activity. And just as the Romantic School of English Literature—Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, and the rest—came into being to fill that new and groping need, so a new school of poets will miraculously appear to formulate for us a new idealism just as soon as the inadequacy of our present valuations makes the want of that idealism felt. At that moment, when the people realize that they need him, we shall be astounded by the voice of the first great American poet, springing—as Athena sprang full armed from the forehead of Zeus—out of the subconscious mental labor of the nation. I question whether he will arrive in our lifetime, but I have no doubt that the day of his coming is fixed.

Such a poet will find great stuff for poetry ready to his hand. The feelings and the hopes of the modern man in their completeness remain to be sung. Ralph Waldo Emerson said:

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"Banks and tariffs, the newspapers and the caucus, Methodism and Unitarianism, are flat and dull to dull people, but rest on the same foundation of wonder as the town of Troy and the temple of Delos and are as swiftly passing away."

In the establishing of those foundations of wonder and in building upon them a satisfying conception of the new and the old elements of our world lies the opportunity of the future poet. With the success of such an attempt comes the scrutinizing of valuations, the expansion and clarifying of purposes, the widening of sympathies, and that humanistic outlook which we may describe in the words by which Walter Pater describes the humanism of the Renaissance:

"The belief that nothing which has ever interested men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, no oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate or expended time and zeal."

And in taking up this task I believe that the poetry of the future must forget its own little personal preoccupation and predilections and be largely objective. The lyric impulse promises to give way to the epic. A more external, less introspective method must prevail, to produce for men who are intensely interested in external activities a poetry in which forms and forces shall combine in large and significant reactions. The method of Homer and Milton, not of Keats and Poe, the wide-seeing vision, not the private dream, will survive.

Arthur Davison Ficke.

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WAGNER AS A LOVER

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It will be long before the world stops puzzling over the character of Richard Wagner. The most unconquerable of idealists, he was one of the meanest of men. In his human relationships he was time and again grossly ignoble; he was all that was selfish, petty, dishonorable; he seldom in all his long life performed a chivalric or unselfish act; he seems to have been almost incapable of self-sacrifice. Yet think of the soul that the man reveals in his art! He wrote music that is among the noblest, the most aspiring, that we have—music full of the sense of immortal things, full of humanity, full of ardor, tenderness, magnanimity, serenity: that can be as sweet and wise and mellow and humane as Shakespeare in his comedies; that at its best is full of high spiritual intuition. In the life that he lived before the world he was a sentimentalist, a voluptuary, an incredible egoist, a cad; he was vindictive; he was preposterously ungrateful: yet the spirit that shaped those masterpieces that are among the chief glories of music is as great a spirit as that of Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare. There is no loveliness in any art, no ecstasy, that equals the loveliness and the ecstasy of *Tristan und Isolde;* there is no tragedy that surpasses in depth, breadth, height, weight, in sublimity and pathos and power, the stupendous finale of *Der Ring des Nibelungen;* and the celestial sweetness that broods upon the last act of *Parsifal* is among the supreme, the ineffable things of art.

There is the enigma that we call Wagner. It goes without saying that every fresh revelation of the nature of this extraordinary being—surely one of the most prodigious intellects, one of the greatest souls, one of the most contemptible men, that history has known—is of extraordinary interest. Such a revelation, and an extensive and important

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one, is supplied by the long awaited autobiography of the master, *My Life* (Mein Leben),* which has at last appeared, in both German and English, with the imperial sanction of Wahnfried.

The Autobiography is remarkable in many ways. It is remarkable for what it reveals and for what it conceals: for its astonishing candor and its no less astonishing reticence; and it is remarkable for the vividness, the unexpected charm, of its narrative; for Wagner elsewhere is usually dull and repellant as a writer.

The title of the Autobiography is misleading. It is far from being a comprehensive record of Wagner's career. Wagner died in 1883; yet the book carries the story of his life only to the year 1864. It leaves untold the whole momentous episode of Bayreuth; it tells us nothing of the production of the *Ring;* of the composition of *Parsifal;* of Wagner's acquisition of his friend's wife, of his intercourse with Nietzsche; of his last and engrossing days at Wahnfried: it omits, in short, almost a quarter-century, and that in some ways the most interesting, of his life. So far as the world has been officially informed, there is no more to follow; yet rumor has whispered that, at the pleasure of Frau Wagner, more will be forthcoming—a volume whose publication, it may be, awaits the death of the composer's relict.

Yet, despite its incompleteness, there is much to be grateful for in the Autobiography. The first volume (the work as a whole contains almost 900 pages) traverses the years 1813–1850, and tells us of Wagner's youth, school-days, early musical studies, his peregrinations, his meeting with Minna Planer, his marriage to her, the pathetic and terrible days in Paris, the Dresden period; of the evolution of the early operas—*Rienzi, The Flying Dutchman, Tannhäuser, Lohengrin;* and we get descriptions of his flight to Weimar, and of experiences in Zurich, Paris, Bordeaux, Geneva. Volume Two takes us from 1850 to 1864, and deals with the *Ring,* Schopenhauer, the composition of *Tristan,* his adventures in London, Liszt and the Princess Wittgenstein, Zurich, the establishment of the "Asyl," Venice, Lucerne, Paris and the *Tannhäuser*-Jockey Club affair, Vienna, Stuttgart, Munich; and it closes with the momentous communication from King Ludwig.

* *My Life.* By Richard Wagner. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York.

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The most important feature of the Autobiography, considered as a revelation of character, is what it says of Wagner's relations with the various women who came into his life,—with Minna Planer, his first wife; with Jessie Laussot; with Cosima von Bülow,—and what it does *not* say of his relations with Mathilde Wesendonck. As an assembling and disclosure of new details, aside from these matters, the book is not especially noteworthy, though the narrative of his early life—of his youth and young manhood, his first adventures as a student and musician, his adolescent infatuations—contains much that is fresh and informing. What he says of his works contributes little that is valuable to our knowledge of them, and sheds no new light upon his activities as an artist; for it is to be remembered that Wagner, in his voluminous essays, pamphlets, letters, has left little for any one, even his voluble self, to say concerning his relation to his art, his theories, his ideals. It is to those portions which show us the singular character of Wagner the man, particularly as evidenced in his love-affairs, that the discerning reader will most eagerly turn.

From the days of his calf loves, women played a tumultuous and obsessing part in Wagner's existence. It would not be impossible to demonstrate that a large proportion of the emotional content of his music has its roots in the sexual consciousness. For Wagner, as George Moore long ago observed, was as full of sex as Rossetti. Indeed, it is to Rossetti and *The House of Life* that we must go to find, anywhere in art, an utterance of sexual emotion that will bear comparison, for intensity of feeling and rapturous beauty of declaration, with *Tristan und Isolde;* though the poet never, of course, achieves the incandescent passion and the overpowering eloquence which make that ever-marvelous score a masterpiece lonely and unapproachable. Perhaps it is true that Wagner, like the young St. Augustine, was in love with love; it is probably truer still that, perpetually consumed and renewed by the fire within, he sought ever a temple for the flame. It is certain that he was a man in whom passion was exigent and imperious; that he was full of a mysticism that could be sensuous as well as ennobled; that he was an inappeasible egoist, an arrant sentimentalist. Is it any wonder that women played in his life the part they did? They brought out the best that was

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in him—but it went straight into his art, and stayed there. The flower of his passions is to be found, matchless for glowing beauty and intoxicating fragrance, in his music. The best that women awoke in him sings itself eternally in *Walküre,* in *Siegfried*, in *Götterdämmerung*, in *Meistersinger*, and in the unequaled outpourings of *Tristan und Isolde;* but their influence made him cut a sorry figure in his outward life.

He reveals himself characteristically in his dealings with Minna Planer. It is not easy to be patient with Wagner's attitude toward his first wife, as disclosed in his account, nor to forgive the things he has permitted himself to say of her. He writes of her with a frankness that is unsparing, venomous, and—not to put too fine a point upon it—contemptible. It is indisputable that he chose unwisely when he took her for his wife. She was a grotesquely unfit companion for an irritable, impecunious idealist, for a prodigious genius with a momentous esthetic message for the world, and in perpetual travail with masterpieces. Doubtless her defects of intelligence, her materialism, her bourgeois soul, her vicious habits, tried him desperately. But Wagner was under no delusions concerning Minna when, after first adding to her considerable record of indiscretions with men, he persuaded her to marry him. That she stuck loyally by him through the wretched and arduous days of his early career, that she slaved for him patiently, that she bore with his temper, his infirmities, his brutal selfishness—these things are admitted. One has only to run a casual eye down the index at the end of the Autobiography, under "Planer, Minna," to glean something of the truth. "Domestic quarrels," begins the record; then: "flight from home" (doubtless, if Wagner is to be trusted, a reprehensible episode, for she went off with a lover, and afterward admitted to Wagner, so he says, her infidelity); but thereafter we read: "Returns to her husband"; "rejoins Wagner at Riga"; "her illness and distress"; "her delight at Wagner's appointment to royal conductorship"; "joins Wagner at Magdala"; "rejoins Wagner at Zurich"; "seeks Wagner in Paris"; "illness of"; "joins Wagner in Lugano"; "goes for a cure to Seligsburg"; "negotiates for Wagner in Berlin"; "parting from Wagner"; "reconciliation with Wagner"; "joins Wagner in Paris"; "ill-health of"; "resumes treatment at Soden Baths"; "writes to Wagner on the occasion of their silver

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wedding"; "parting with Wagner." Of course one must not be led by pity for the mistreated wife of an unlovely genius into claiming for her a sympathy that is not her due. It is altogether likely, admitting the very least, that for a man like Wagner, she was, after his passion for her had spent itself, an extremely trying, even an insupportable, companion. Wagner alleges, further, that she was "unsympathetic" (was he fool enough to expect intellectual companionship?); that she was suspicious and jealous (Heaven knows he gave her cause to be!); that she was unchaste before marriage and adulterous after marriage—but this last we have only on his own word: Minna's story has never been told. There is no good reason for doubting the truth of Wagner's assertions; only his narrative would leave a pleasanter taste in the mouth if he had omitted his callous and detailed recital of Minna's shortcomings and transgressions. He calmly tells us that, to further her ambition as an actress, she yielded herself to men having influence and authority; thus "it was clearly impossible for her not to lose all real sense of delicacy." He speaks of "her strange tolerance with regard to certain familiarities and even importunities on the part of patrons of the theater, directed even against her person"; of his own "greater delicacy in regard to morality"; he refers to her contemptuously as "a girl sprung from the lower middle class, in whom mere superficial polish had taken the place of any true culture"; she was, moreover, "without idealism; she had no artistic feeling." And then he assures us, with absurd and Pecksniffian solemnity, that she attracted him because of "the soberness and seriousness of her character, which supplemented what I felt to be wanting in my own": Wagner in this recital is at times singularly asinine. Moreover, all this moral indignation over Minna's infirmities, and pained regret at her culpable demeanor, comes with exceedingly bad grace from a man who, at the time his narrative was written, had been living in adultery with his friend's wife, whom he did not marry until after she had borne him a child; from a man who never made the smallest effort to deny himself the gratification of any desire, licit or illicit; who, in his sexual conduct, was unconcernedly and completely lawless. In truth, Wagner's pharisaism in his Autobiography is as detestable as it is fatuous.

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It was a little more than a decade after his marriage to Minna that Wagner had his encounter with Jessie Laussot, a young Englishwoman, the wife of a French wine merchant of Bordeaux, whom the incorrigible Richard met in Dresden, and who seems to have fallen in love both with the musician and the musician's art. Just what part Wagner bore in this affair it is not easy to glean from his vague and ambiguous account; but one suspects that he played the cad. According to his own story, he was, as usual, blameless in the matter—it was the lady who did all the importuning, and who proposed an elopement. At all events, Jessie's mother wrote to Minna complaining, to quote Wagner's own words, "of my intention to commit adultery" (he had previously, he says, written a few lines to Jessie "exhorting her to be calm and self-possessed"). The episode, after the threat of a bullet from the injured M. Laussot and an unpleasant incident in a police court, ended with the departure from the scene of the inflammable young woman, who seems then to have passed entirely out of Wagner's life, leaving only, doubtless, her image imprinted on his music, and anguish in the heart and reproaches on the lips of the unfortunate Minna.

Wagner's reticence in the case of Jessie Laussot is an instance of those evasions for which the Autobiography is remarkable. A far more flagrant instance is his treatment of the famous Wesendonck episode. Wagner began to dictate these memoirs to Cosima in 1869; his letters to Mathilde Wesendonck, the wife of one of his numerous benefactors, were written to her during the composition of *Tristan und Isolde* a decade earlier, but they were not given to the world until 1905, forty-odd years after the dictation of the memoirs and twenty-two years after Wagner's death. To his amanuensis, it would have appeared that Wagner's relationship with Mathilde Wesendonck was little more than that of a friend. Was he trying to convey this impression to Cosima when he dictated to her these memoirs, or was his object to conceal his affair with Mathilde from the world? The case is an odd one, for Frau Wagner consented to the publication of her husband's letters to Mathilde in 1905; yet now, six years afterward, she permits this palpably evasive account to go forth. In any case, Wagner, to be as plain-spoken as himself, has lied quite brazenly in the Autobiography concerning his part in the Wesendonck affair. As

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we know from his correspondence, he was deeply in love with the wife of Otto Wesendonck. His letters to her are extraordinary for their passion, their tenderness, their ecstatic abandonment of devotion. By his own admission, it was she who inspired the music of that most wonderful of love-songs, *Tristan und Isolde*. The degree of their intimacy is not certainly known; but it is a fact that Minna—the ever-betrayed and anguished Minna—intercepted one of Wagner's letters to Mathilde; that she went to Otto Wesendonck; and that on the latter's advice Wagner left the vicinity, with much trepidation and a minimum of dignity. Yet in Wagner's recital of the events of this period—the most emotionally turbulent of his life—we find only a few casual references to the woman who was then the dominating influence in his existence. We get mere hints of the true situation: as when he complains petulantly that Otto Wesendonck insisted upon taking part in conversations and entertainments—in Wesendonck's own home! Or when he refers to a note which he sent to Frau Wesendonck, accompanying a pencil-sketch of the *Tristan* prelude, "in which I expressed to her seriously and calmly the feelings that animated me at the time" (it was this serious and calm note which Minna intercepted, and which caused her to go to the lady's husband); and he speaks blandly of Minna's "utter misconstruction of my purely friendly relations with the young wife, whose only interest in me consisted in her solicitude for my peace of mind and well-being." Is it not astonishing that Wagner's present wife should have been willing to give forth this disingenuous account in the face of Wagner's own published testimony to the actual facts?

Let us for a moment refresh our minds concerning the "purely friendly relations" which Wagner maintained with Mathilde Wesendonck, in order that we may get some measure of the trustworthiness of much that Wagner has to say in the Autobiography concerning his relations with women. Let us recall certain passages from these infinitely touching letters to Mathilde—letters that are unique in the literature of passion:

"And my dear Muse still stays afar? In silence I awaited her visit; with pleadings I would not disquiet her. For the Muse, like Love, beatifies but freely; woe to the fool, woe to the loveless, who fain would constrain what will not yield itself of its free will. They cannot be constrained; is it not

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so? Not so? How could Love be Muse withal, did it let itself be forced? And my dear Muse stays far from me? . . . ."

" That letter—how mournful it has made me! The demon moves from out one heart into the other. How subjugate it? O we poor creatures! We are not our own. Demon, change to god! . . . ."

" What a wondrous birth of our child of sorrows! [accompanying sketches for Act II. of *Tristan*.] Had we to live, then, after all? From whom could it be asked that he should forsake his children?"

" God stand by us, poor creatures!"

" Or are we too rich?"

" Must we help ourselves unaided? . . . ."

" Surely thou didst not expect me to leave thy marvelously beautiful letter unanswered? Or was I to forgo the privilege of replying to the noblest word? And how could I reply to thee, but in a manner worthy of thee?"

" The stupendous conflicts we have passed, how could they end but with the victory over every wish and longing?"

" In the most fervent moments of approximation, did we not know that this was our goal? . . . ."

" When a month gone by I told thy husband my resolve to break off personal commune with you, I had—given thee up, albeit I was not yet altogether whole in that. For I merely felt that nothing save a total severance, or—a total union, could secure our love against the terrible collisions to which we had seen it exposed in these latter times. Thus the sense of the necessity of our parting was haunted by the possibility—present to the mind, if not to the will—of union. In that still lay a racking suspense which neither of us could bear. . . ."

" So deeply and terribly as in these last few months, have I never been affected in my life. All earlier impressions were void of meaning 'gainst these last. Shocks such as I endured in that catastrophe were bound to plough deep furrows in me. . . ."

" My child, these last months have perceptibly blanched the hair on my temples; there is a voice in me that cries with yearning after rest, that rest which long, long years ago I made my Flying Dutchman yearn for. . . ."

" Farewell, my dear hallowed angel!"

" I shall not often visit you. . . . Of old, maybe, I have

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sought thy house in suffering and longing: thither, whence I wanted solace, have I brought unrest and suffering. That shall be no more. . . ."

"Farewell! Farewell, dear love! . . ."

"Where'er I be, I shall be wholly thine now. . . . Auf Wiedersehen! Dear soul of my soul, farewell—auf Wiedersehen!"*

Touching, indeed, are these outgivings—they are worthy of the author of *Tristan*. But is it any wonder that Minna, that Otto Wesendonck, "misconstrued" those "purely friendly relations" which Wagner so indignantly asserts?

We come to the last of Wagner's amorous adventures, his meeting with and seduction of Cosima von Bülow. This lady, the illegitimate daughter of Franz Liszt and the Comtesse d'Agoult, was the wife of Wagner's devoted friend and apostle, Hans von Bülow. Wagner's narration of the growing intimacy between himself and his friend's wife betrays his usual stupefying lack of humor, his amazing complacency and smug self-satisfaction, his bland conceit, his utter inability to perceive his own caddishness. It is not an edifying tale. Let those who savor the curiosities of self-revelation read Wagner's account of the ride in an empty wheelbarrow which he proposed to Cosima, and his reference to the drive which he took with her while she was *enceinte*. The record discreetly stops short of the day when Wagner finally betrayed his friend and took away his wife.

Mr. Ernest Newman, probably the most eminent and certainly the ablest of living writers upon music, whose Wagnerian criticism is unequaled for insight and acumen, has observed that "the real Wagner speaks to us in these pages." But is that entirely true? Is there not much that he does not, that he cannot, say to us of himself? Is the Wagner of the Autobiography any more "real" than the Wagner of the *Liebestod*?

The Autobiography is calculated to tempt the inconsiderate reader to condemn Wagner unreservedly. And indeed we may justly abhor his exasperating self-righteousness, his meanness and ingratitude and treachery, his prevarications; we may regret his appalling deficiency of humor, his incapability of self-examination; yet there is not a little to be said in extenuation. He was far from being a normal

* William Ashton Ellis's translation.

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human being. He was tortured all his life by an esthetic vision of unimagined splendor and urgency—it might be said of him, as truly as of Bunyan, that he was "the prince of dreamers." The man in whose brain and heart were germinating the miracles of the *Ring* and *Tristan, Meistersinger* and *Parsifal,* has some claim upon the tolerance of posterity. Moreover, he was sickly; he was excessively sensitive; his nerves were usually on the raw; he was, for the greater part of his life, miserably unfortunate; and he was fighting almost single-handed, against seemingly invincible stupidity, inertia, and malevolence, to bring about an esthetic revolution of the first magnitude. It is the more reasonable way to regard Wagner not as a man, but as a mere channel of artistic expression, an instrument through which the creative Will wrought some of its most triumphant and perfect work. As an artist, a conveyor of beauty, he was a magnificent success: he stands with the greatest. But, even viewed as a man, are we perfectly sure that we are right in condemning him? Are the usual standards always rigidly to be applied? We cannot help revolting instinctively from such conduct, from such a nature, as Wagner's. But is it not wiser to wonder and sorrow than to judge? Is it not wiser to stand in silence before the tangled web of human passion and human destiny, regretting that an essentially noble nature can be so wrought upon by the stress of living? Consider, finally, that Wagner felt with exceptional intensity the terrible attraction of sex. He knew, with a continuance that few have known, the ecstasy of love, and the ineffable sadness that is twin sister to Love, and walks beside her—those two shapes of light and shadow that stand always before the dreaming and desiring soul, and that bend upon us eyes that are equally unfathomable, for they hold in their depths the profoundest secrets of our being: the mysterious springs of desire and regret. Yet who shall say that, when they beckon us, they are not leading us, by ways however tortuous, to those ultimate fountains of delight where dwells the Eternal Presence? Who shall say that any dream in which we seem to weep, or which wings us for an enchanted and rapturous moment above the valleys, is not touched with immortal light?

Lawrence Gilman.

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THE GOSSIP OF AN AMBASSADOR

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

When Thomas François Chabod, Marquis of Saint-Maurice, was sent in 1667 by his royal master, the Duke of Savoy, Charles Emmanuel II., on a special mission to the brilliant and intriguing Court of Louis XIV., he was charged by the Duke to keep him advised not only of affairs of graver importance, but of all the gossip of the Court. For the Duke was the son of Christine de France, sister of Louis XIV., and therefore first cousin to the King; and being a man of gallantry besides, it was not unnatural that he should feel a keen interest in the comedies and tragedies of manners at Paris, St.-Germain, and Versailles. The result of these royal commands was a voluminous correspondence from the most faithful and obedient of diplomats, a correspondence which, reposing in the archives at Turin, would fill fifteen or twenty doughty volumes, but from which the editor, Monsieur Jean Lemoine, has drawn one volume only. It is this volume, with its picturesque additions to seventeenth-century memoirs, with which we are concerned.

The Marquis of Saint-Maurice, when he made his careful and dignified entrance into Paris, was not a stranger to the French Court. His grandfather had been three times Ambassador to France, his father (loved by Richelieu and Mazarin) had once represented Savoy at the same Court, and he himself was personally known to Louis XIV., having presented to him in 1661 the compliments of the Duke of Savoy on the birth of the Dauphin and having brought to the latter a wonderful jeweled drum as a gift from the royal infant of Savoy. "Monsieur le Dauphin," * he wrote to his master at home, "is a handsome prince, with a lively mind, and talks well, but he is proud and obstinate and fears no one but the King."

* Louis, known as "le Grand Dauphin," born November 1st, 1661.

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He gives an interesting picture of the royal little boy of six receiving the Ambassador from Savoy:

"There were guards under arms and an officer at the door, and within sat Monsieur le Dauphin wearing his hat, which he lifted to me. I made him a reverence and presented your Royal Highness's compliments; he arose with his hat in his hand, and his governess, Madame la Maréchale de la Mothe [Houdancourt] answered as if to instruct him what to say. I then presented the drum with which he was delighted, and it was necessary to explain everything to him."

He wore a doublet and hose and a little wig.

Later Saint-Maurice writes the Duke of the severity of the Dauphin's education under Montausier. Aged about seven, he was separated from his father and mother, lodged at the Louvre while his parents were at the Tuileries, and saw them but once a week:

"He is not allowed to do anything he wishes nor eat anything he asks for; he is threatened with whipping and put into prison; but these punishments have now ceased, as he has become very submissive and has lost the headstrong humor which the Queen and the ladies had allowed him to indulge in their fear of angering him."

Saint-Maurice, therefore, in consideration of his father's services and of his own, had been accorded by Louis XIV. certain seignorial rights in France, and when he reached that country in 1667 he was received with all the honors given to ambassadors from kings. To be a successful ambassador to this Court, Saint-Maurice wrote to the Duke that it was necessary to speak French well, and to have a knowledge of general history and somewhat of war, "for one or the other form all the conversations." He added that it was also necessary to have an open and liberal mind and *savoir faire*, and to be familiar with treaties "and the interests of Princes." All these qualifications Saint-Maurice possessed, including a perfect familiarity with French, which is not surprising when we remember the affiliations of the House of Savoy with the royal family of France.

Although the King was only twenty-four years old at this time, he was dictating laws to Europe and attracting universal attention. Saint-Maurice describes him as he appeared during his first visit. He wore a black velvet doublet with gold-embroidered half-vest; his hat was on his head and a cane in his hand. The ambassador bowed profoundly, whereupon the King removed his hat and replaced it. He

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seemed neither proud nor severe. On the contrary, his face was "*fort doux.*"

Saint-Maurice reached Paris in April, and it was not until September that he was raised by Duke Charles Emmanuel to the full rank of *ambassadeur ordinaire.* His delight in this mark of his royal master's confidence is spontaneous, and he writes him renewed assurances of his unswerving devotion. With the sense of a practical man, and one fully conscious of the responsibility his diplomatic honors lay upon him, he proceeds to explain his financial status and the necessities for expenditure in order to sustain his rank and reflect properly the luster of his master. He reminds the Duke of his limited means, that he has a mother, a wife, and eleven children (the children became thirteen before the worthy gentleman's embassy was terminated), and naïvely adds that if the Duke possesses an extra old dais, not then in use, covered perhaps with velvet and with gold or silver trimmings, he would much appreciate its loan, as it would save him expenditure for something which would be a superfluity when his visit to France should have been concluded.

Behold our ambassador, then, launched in the full glory of what seemed to him a great mission. He is so perfectly the royal man of a royal master that the reader is curiously puzzled at times to know what traits of vanity or greatness are individual to the man himself or merely the reflection of those of the Duke whom he serves. He writes more approvingly of those who accord him the more honor, never forgetting to add that it is his master's honor only which he is concerned fittingly to represent. He gossips of Court intrigues like any chattering Marquise or Duchesse, but it is only to please his master who wishes to be amused. He never mentions Molière or Racine because, as he reminds the Duke, his son, the young Count of Saint-Maurice, had been commissioned by his Royal Highness to report all the news of the drama. He deliberately cultivates the society of ladies of quality for the purpose of gathering gossip from a fruitful if not always reliable source, and even uses their acquaintance when possible to further the affairs of his adored Duke. Madame de la Fayette, friend of his own Duchess of Savoy, of Madame de Sévigné, and many other illustrious personages of her time, was apparently a powerful friend of Saint-Maurice's and aided him in obtaining the recall of the Marquis of Villars, an imperious and vindictive

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man who had been sent by Louis XIV. to the Court at Turin and whom Saint-Maurice suspected of political intrigue harmful to the House of Savoy. The younger ladies Saint-Maurice was in fear of, for, it appears, a curious reason. He explains to the Duke that he did not see them often because they would undoubtedly turn his deafness to ridicule —a vivid commentary on the current conception of manners even at a time and in a Court where manners were a fine art. He complains frequently of the lack of deference of the French to strangers and the offensive pride of some of the ladies of the Court. "An ambassador of rank," he candidly writes, "cannot wait upon ladies who treat every one with scorn and hauteur." This pride of the women at a time when their influence was indeed effective brought about some extraordinary incidents, among which Saint-Maurice recounts the following:

"One evening at Versailles when the Queen was playing cards the Countess of Soissons—cousin by marriage to the Duke of Savoy—who was sitting near Her Majesty, left the room. The Countess of Gramont, an Englishwoman proud of her position as relative of Charles II. of England, was *croupier*. She took the vacant tabouret of the Countess of Soissons. The latter, returning, said, 'That is my seat.' The Countess of Gramont replied, coldly, without moving, 'We shall see.' The other lady retorted only by scornful laughter. The Count of Gramont interfered and said to the Countess of Soissons: 'Madame, one does not nail down the chairs here' *(on ne cloue pas ici les chaises)*. 'My wife will remain where she is; we are of as good a house as yourself.' Although the Queen overheard all, she dared not speak, though one of her ladies endeavored to restore peace. Later the King commanded the Count and Countess of Gramont to apologize to the Countess of Soissons; whereupon the Count's brother, a marshal of France, demanded that the entire company of the marshals of France should take cognizance of the affair. These judicious gentlemen decided that the apology must be offered."*

At about the same time the Countess of Gramont, her hauteur in no wise diminished despite the check it had received, entered the Queen's coach uninvited as the latter was about to take an airing. The Queen commanded her to enter the second coach, but this hardy lady, persisting in taking her seat, replied that it was not suitable to her rank to ride in a coach behind, and "the good Queen suffered it all without another word." The only comment Saint-Maurice allowed himself in relating this trivial but significant tale was that the pride of the Countess of Gramont caused her "*faire bien des pas de mauvaise grâce.*"

* *Lettres sur la Cour de Louis XIV.* By Jean Lemoine, p. 375.

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The patience of the Queen was marvelous. Daughter of Philip IV. of Spain by his first wife, Elizabeth of France, young, proud, a mother, she led, on the whole, a life of neglect. Saint-Maurice continually speaks of her with pity. "She is an example of piety and virtue!" he exclaims, and adds that she is not only neglected by her royal husband, fatally absorbed by the "*dames de la faveur,*" but by all the Court. She occupied herself with her children—most of whom died in quick succession—with her religion, card-playing, and the Spanish comedy. The ladies and gentlemen of the Court were frankly bored by the latter diversion, and the poor Queen found it difficult to gather an audience for her native drama. The theater was always empty and cold, says Saint-Maurice. He admires the Queen for resigning herself so commendably to her unhappy life, and explains that she is controlled by the Carmelite nuns of the Rue Bouloi, "of whom the King avails himself for that purpose." That the Queen had something of a struggle to achieve this spiritual resignation is made plain by the testimony of Mademoiselle de Montpensier in her Memoirs. She relates how, when Mademoiselle de la Vallière, uninvited, visited the Queen at Compiègne, the latter "wept, was attacked by nausea, and refused all food." Mesdames de la Vallière and de Montespan frequently rode in the Queen's own coach, and in many ways their society was forced upon her. The Queen at this time was twenty-nine years of age, Mademoiselle de la Vallière twenty-three, and Madame de Montespan, daughter of the Duke of Montemart and just beginning to receive the special notice of the King, was twenty-six. Saint-Maurice writes that in order to obtain news of La Vallière, soon raised to the rank of Duchess, the courtiers and ladies arranged that their gentlemen-in-waiting should intrigue with the *femmes de chambre* of the King's favorite, but upon the Duchess becoming aware of the situation her women were all discharged.

Saint-Maurice found the French Court much to his taste. He wrote to his good-natured master:

> "At the King's levee the Court is the most beautiful thing in the world. I was there yesterday, and there were three drawing-rooms full of people of quality—a crowd. It was incredibly difficult to enter the room where His Majesty was. There were more than eight hundred coaches in front of the Louvre."

Extravagance of every sort ran riot, of which our am-

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bassador gives examples in a letter written to the Duchess of Savoy in 1670, when the Court went to Chambord for rest and diversion:

"The doublets of the Court ladies for this journey are horribly dear. They cost each two thousand écus" (six thousand francs) "with the skirt, and the ladies have five or six changes. I saw those of the Countess of Soissons."

Continuing his gossip for the benefit of the royal lady, he writes:

"The newest fancy is for silver boxes holding Chinese orange-trees, which are kept all summer in the rooms. I have seen two which were valued at six hundred francs."

But Louis expressed himself as satisfied with the financial administration of Colbert. According to Saint-Maurice, he said:

"Never was kingdom so well ordered and rich as his own; that he had ninety-two millions of revenue; that with thirty-five or thirty-six he paid all the expense so carefully that he saved every year fifty-six millions for war."

Saint-Maurice continually praises the King's kindness and generosity, while alluding also to his dignity and severity. He says that Louis spent ten and twenty times more than any other French King. "Never was there so generous a King to his servants and all who approach him." And, again, "One never saw King so much *honnête homme*." Nevertheless, in 1670 there were frequent rumors that the King's coffers were low. Colbert demanded two millions advance from the farmers-general, who refused it. The King's enormous expenses for his palaces, his pleasures, his journeys, his buildings, the camp and the navy, required all the financial genius of Colbert to counterbalance. This minister had also a genius for nepotism, and Saint-Maurice avers that he was forever assiduous in promoting the welfare of his relatives.

Meanwhile the King, whether at war or play, lived an ordered and industrious life, with set hours for work, meals, retiring, and rising. If Saint-Maurice has to complain that Louis appeared to avoid the dignitaries of his Court, that he spoke with the foreign ministers only at the audiences, or when he sent for them on occasion to discuss some special affair, he is pleased also to report to his master at home that the King always raises his hat to him with marked

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courtesy, and that his wife is treated with great kindness and honor by the Queen. He often refers to the King's perfect dignity and restraint; to the fact that he was very secretive concerning his plans and policies, and that even those nearest him dared not question him. Louis was jealous of his reputation for ability and wisdom, wished to divide with no one the credit for his own ideas, and, above all, desired it should not be thought that he was governed by his ministers. He took care also that the latter should not share this delusion. He was jealous also of attention. When Colbert's young son, studying at the Collège de Clermont, distinguished himself brilliantly with a thesis, the Court and everybody went to hear the precocious scholar, and Saint-Maurice testifies that the King's displeasure at the social honor paid to Colbert was manifest. On the other hand, Louis spared himself no trouble in order to perform his duty. He held council twice a day with his three ministers and sometimes the marshal of Turenne. Saint-Maurice writes in 1667:

"The King works incessantly and all day. In his hours of relaxation he plays tennis, inspects on horseback his household troops, makes a few visits, calls upon Madame de la Vallière, and now and then there is a ball or comedy at the Tuileries."

Turenne warned the King that he gave himself too much care and would become ill, to which Louis replied, "Monsieur le Maréchal, you do not love my glory to speak thus to me." One reads in *La Gazette de France* of that day that after his religious devotions the King touched a large number of sick people at the Palace of the Tuileries. "The King does everything with a good grace and without *empressement*," wrote Saint-Maurice.

Louis, though still little more than a boy, was also engaged with his Memoirs, upon which, Saint-Maurice reports, he worked in the evening, "*après avoir donné le petit bon soir.*" These are the "*Mémoires pour l'Instruction du Dauphin,*" and were edited by the President of Périgny, to whom the sheets were sent as the King finished them. They furnish not the most insignificant evidence of the grave sense of responsibility visible in so many of the acts of Louis XIV. His fondness for the society of women Saint-Maurice explains by the delight he had in their presence, the great amusement he derived from their conversation, and the protection they insured him from too great fa-

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miliarity of the courtiers, "which he does not want." The idea of this powerful King being protected by clever and beautiful women of quality from the encroachments and self-interested intrigues of the gentlemen of his entourage forms a novel picture in the reader's mind.

When, in 1667, Louis led his troops in person to the war in Flanders our ambassador thought it wise to accompany him, and asks his master's approval should the King accede to his request. Saint-Maurice was then in early middle age and characteristically complains that the King's Minister of War, Louvois, wanted only young men for the army, the King wanted what Louvois did, and the result was that old and experienced officers were not used. His own intention was merely to pay court to the King and to study military conditions and events. Later, launched upon his expedition, he enthusiastically praises the French troops:

> "I am struck with the admirable behavior of the soldiers. Never were any so hardy, better disciplined, or more obedient."

And again, "Never have I seen such discipline among troops." There were perfect alignment and complete silence. Later he refers to desertions and lack of order and complaints against Louvois for having badly supplied the needs of the army. The army even grumbled against a brief visit which Louis paid during the campaign to Compiègne to see the Queen and the ladies of the Court who had come thither with the army. The latter blamed Turenne for allowing the King to indulge in this digression from the seat of war; but Louis explains in his Memoirs that he made the journey in an interval of inactivity not only to refresh himself in the company of the Queen and his children, but to demonstrate to his people how easily in the midst of war he could return to Paris in case of necessity and to set at rest certain disquietudes within the kingdom.

This war—undertaken in order to wrest from Spain such lands as belonged by *"droit de dévolution"* to Queen Marie Thérèse—was popular in the Court, and Saint-Maurice exclaims that everybody is going into debt, pledging valuable silver and jewels, and pressing his farmers for more and more money to defray the incidental costs for equipages, and so forth. Both the ladies and gentlemen submitted with a good grace to the inconveniences of traveling with an army rather than be left behind at Versailles when the King was

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absent. He writes his Duke also of the many and various difficulties during this campaign:

"I have not yet been able to see any of the Ministers, and they have been for days at a time unable to see the King and have also suffered with hunger."

His own coach and luggage, he writes, are continually separated from him; that he has not yet even seen his bed, but has slept under a tree wrapped in his cloak, with the exception of one evening when, by good luck, his coach arrived at midnight. He eats as he can, and never, he adds, "have there been such great inconveniences in an army." But he never permits himself to complain to the French, and blames his own stupidity in not having brought mules, the only hope "in an army like this," and consoles himself by the reflection that few others are in better case.

As for the King, he worked as faithfully as usual. He went every night to the bivouac and remained until sunrise. During one such absence his camp took fire and was completely destroyed—tents, furniture, horses, coaches, his silver melted in part, and several persons injured. Saint-Maurice says nothing of the King's submission to this inconvenience, except that upon receiving the news he remained at the bivouac and slept in a neighboring tent. Louis's own tents are described as "the most sumptuous and spacious imaginable, lined with damask or 'satinade.' In each are three or four chandeliers of gilded wood." It is amusing to read that even here the King is always dressed with care, that he wears his mustache *retroussée,* and is sometimes engaged for half an hour before the mirror in waxing it; that he wears a linen shirt, a cravat, clocks, and a cloth doublet; that he spends more than an hour and a half at his toilet, but does not suffer any ennui because his gentlemen constantly converse with him and tell him amusing stories.

Saint-Maurice complacently reports to the Duke the thousand and one courtesies shown him by the courtiers in the camp, but is piqued because the King has not commanded his presence at the royal table. The ambassador contrives to have business with Louis at the dinner hour, hoping that his presence will incite the King's favor, but the harmless ruse is a failure. The King's table was oval, and the royal food was not separated from that of the others. All who dined with him wore their hats. During this campaign "one

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never knows the hour when the King will eat, but it is never before four or five in the afternoon." But the general regularity of Louis's habits remained unbroken and his only thoughts were of war and glory. Saint-Maurice bears no ill-will toward him for not requiring his presence at dinner, and writes, "The King speaks little, but always good sense." To his devotion to his troops Saint-Maurice also repeatedly testifies.

After the successful Flanders campaign the Court remained at St.-Germain, where the King attended assiduously to affairs or played tennis, went hawking, and "made love." Of the last occupation Saint-Maurice says there is so much gossip that he can scarcely know whom to believe and whom to doubt. The rumors of the King's favor toward various ladies rose and fell daily like reports of the modern stock-market.

But the King, despite these vagaries of his private life, never loses sight of the welfare of his kingdom nor of the splendor of his own glory and dreams of conquest. In 1670 he is organizing mock battles for keeping the army in good condition. There are two army corps, himself commanding one, the Marshal of Créquy the other. Saint-Maurice writes:

> "Yesterday the King was drawn into an ambuscade and made prisoner by the Marquis of Villeroy, then rescued by his own corps, who at once put the enemy to rout. These exercises are extremely fatiguing at midday and in the greatest heat" (it was the month of August of which he writes), "but are marvelously effective for keeping officers and soldiers in training. Never has there been such regularity and discipline and never an army so well ordered. Among other things, the soldiers observe silence for four hours of each day."

After further praise of this kind he diplomatically suggests that if the Duke of Savoy should graciously compliment the French troops he would give great pleasure to the King and to the Minister of War, Monsieur Louvois.

The Court had resumed at St.-Germain its usual amusements. Saint-Maurice writes that the air is full of intrigue and flirtation, and throws some curious light upon the current conception of honor. If ladies fall out with their admirers, he explains, the latter do not hesitate to betray them and even to show their letters to the society of the Court, which habit must have lent a caustic spice to daily conversation. These were days when crossing the Channel to England was described as "a long and perilous voyage." In-

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land traveling was slow and difficult as well. Returning from Chambord to Paris on one occasion all the coach horses of the Court perished of the dryness and dust and Their Majesties were obliged to borrow horses for the moment from the nobility. The latter were allowed to buy and sell lucrative posts among themselves like so many trades-people. The Duke of Chaulnes, when he went as Ambassador to Rome, had permission to sell *"la lieutenance générale de Roi,"* which he had bought from the Duke of Mazarin for four hundred thousand francs. To illustrate the inconsistent indifference to rank or title, Saint-Maurice describes the crowd at the baptism of the Dauphin at St.-Germain when Marshal Turenne entered. Finding that they did not make way for him, Turenne grew angry, "pushed every one about for a quarter of an hour, and overturned the meat which was being taken to the Dauphin." Turenne afterward said to Saint-Maurice, who had witnessed the incident, that "the French have no regard for any one"—of which we shall later have further proof.

Our ambassador now reports the star of the Duchesse de la Vallière descending, while that of the Duchesse de Montespan is in the ascendant. In honor of the latter, the King gave a fête of great splendor at Versailles, the invitations being issued in her name. The gardens were brilliantly lighted with great statues and vases of fire, the collations were spread in the *allées,* and no effort was spared to turn the playground of Versailles into a veritable fairyland of flowers, fountains, grottoes, beautiful women, dances, and comedies. But the mismanagement of the crowd was insufferable, and Saint-Maurice complains vehemently in his accounts of the festival. At times there was complete and most unkingly disorder. Ladies and gentlemen were pushed, ambassadors hustled and badly placed. Even the Queen herself was delayed half an hour at the door of the theater. Saint-Maurice writes that the function was in the hands of officers and body-guards who knew only the art of war and were incompetent to control a social affair of such magnitude. The ambassador from Venice sarcastically observed that as they were invited by *"l'Inconnu"* and not by the King, they had no ground for formal complaint of the disrespectful treatment to which they were subjected, whereupon he retired to his coach, there to await the daylight. But every one agreed that the fête was the most superb

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that had ever been seen. When, later, the noise of complaint reached the King's ear he was much annoyed and those who had been in charge were severely reprimanded.

Saint-Maurice says little of the King's activity in public works in this volume, in building and studying the welfare of his people; but he writes that His Majesty gambles every day five or six thousand pistoles, "though he almost always wins," and that those who played with him affected kingly airs and scorn of money. But Louis had the strength as well as the weakness of a generous heart. At the death of his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Orleans,* he was overwhelmed with grief.

"His Majesty has been to Saint-Cloud to sprinkle holy water on the body of the late Madame, where he was seen to weep. No King of France ever before performed such a ceremony, not even for father or mother; they never enter the presence of corpses."

It was not her beauty for which Louis loved the Duchess of Orleans, whom Saint-Maurice had thus described in the candor of this private correspondence:

"She is much faded; some of her teeth are missing, and those which remain are very bad; she is losing her figure and commences to resemble her mother."

We now approach the end of this interesting embassy to France, which, though so successful, was to be followed by dire misfortune and the implacable enmity of Louis XIV. In 1673 Saint-Maurice, whose modest fortune was unequal to the enormous expense of his position, obtained his recall and returned to Savoy. He left many regrets in the French Court, where he had acquired general esteem, and the King presented to him a service of silver gilt. On reaching home his own sovereign, Charles Emmanuel II., conferred upon his faithful Minister the supreme distinction of the collar of the order of *"l'Annonciade."* Yet in the end it was his loyalty to the House of Savoy which wrought his downfall.

On the Duke's death he became Chief Councilor to the Duchess Regent, and it was his ministry which later made her son, Victor Amédée II., the most popular of the Princes of Savoy. During all this time Saint-Maurice retained the friendship of Louis XIV.; and as one of the strongest principles of the Court of Versailles was to sustain in foreign

* "Madame," Henrietta of England, sister of Charles II.

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courts every possible support for its own policies, Louis recommended succeeding ambassadors to Turin to cultivate the good-will of Saint-Maurice. The latter's own interests were involved in the policies of Louis, but the moment those interests came into conflict with his duty to the Duke of Savoy he did not hesitate to sacrifice them. In 1667 France refused to pay customs at Suse, which constituted a large revenue for Savoy. Saint-Maurice was sent to France to negotiate this affair, but Louis's ministers refused to agree with his arguments, and his mission was a failure. Private misfortunes also assailed the ex-ambassador; one of his sons became involved in intrigue at the Court of Turin, another brought disgrace to the family by a crazy attempt to set fire to the royal palace. But these enemies within were less powerful than those without, and it was, in fact, the King of France who eventually destroyed him, curiously enough through the following incident of the Man with the Iron Mask.*

The fortified town of Casal, fifteen leagues from Turin, was then regarded as the key to Piedmont and of the Spanish possessions of the Milanese, and it was Louis's intention to seize that place and occupy it. It was possessed by the Duke of Mantoue, who, after long negotiations and the receipt of much money from Louis, had ceded Casal to the French. In December, 1678, the Duke's secretary, Count Mattioli, arrived in Paris in order to conclude the necessary ratifications. The occupation of Casal by the French troops was to occur in the following February and every precaution had been taken to expedite the affair and to preserve inviolable secrecy. Troops and munitions of war had been sent to Pignerol, and Catinat, who had charge of the expedition, had been imprisoned in the citadel of Pignerol in order to disarm all suspicion before the moment of the *coup* should arrive. All seemed well, when Count Mattioli failed to appear at the appointed rendezvous, and in a short time the news of France's designs upon Casal, and therefore Piedmont, resounded throughout Europe. Louis, amazed and angry at this exposure, was compelled to abandon the enterprise.

It was not long before the mystery of the sudden check was solved. Count Mattioli on his return from France had stopped for three agreeable days at the Court of Turin and

* Introduction to *Lettres sur la Cour de Louis XIV.*, page 30.

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had there betrayed Louis's designs to the Duchess Regent. Alarmed on all sides, the Duchess, fearing either to allow Louis to proceed or to lose his friendship, chose to expose to him the treason of Mattioli. Louis ordered the punishment of Mattioli, who was lured into an ambush in the environs of Turin and imprisoned in the citadel of Pignerol, where the unfortunate man remained for many years and became known to history as the Man with the Iron Mask.*

As the Duchess's only confidant had been her loyal Minister, Saint-Maurice, it became only too evident that it was he who had published the plans of the French King and checkmated the undertaking. The Duchess was powerless to protect him from the unrelenting anger of Louis XIV. and his ruin—caused by nothing whatever but the utmost fidelity to his own sovereign—was the inevitable outcome.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

* Funck-Brentano, *Légendes et Archives de la Bastille.* Jean Lemoine, *Lettres sur la Cour de Louis XIV.*

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS. By BERTRAND RUSSELL, M.A., F.R.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1910.

THIS volume, which, to the lay mind at least, provides the most clean-cut and felling blow which has yet struck pragmatism, cannot be left entirely to the reviewers of technical philosophy; for, whether Mr. Russell would be hurt by the compliment or not, his book has too many of the qualities of pure literature to be shut up in the technical cupboard. It is as impossible to relegate his book to the department of academic philosophy as it is to relegate to that sphere the *Will to Believe,* the *Meaning of Truth,* and *Pragmatism: A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking* of his famous adversary. With his simple phraseology, his respect for beautiful English, his short and vital sentence, Mr. Russell would seem to extend, as did Dr. James also, an invitation to the outsider to come into the sacred precincts and take part.

The volume contains seven essays, admirably clear and lucid, full of wit and eloquence, as well as meat for the dialectician of the most technical sort. From this standpoint Dr. Santayana, of Harvard, has already dealt with the essays in *The Journal of Philosophy* for February and March. "It is," he says in his opening essay, "refreshing and on the whole reassuring, after the confused, melodramatic ways of philosophizing to which transcendentalism and pragmatism have accustomed us, to breathe again the crisp air of scholastic common sense. It is good for us to be held down, as the Platonic Socrates would have held us, to saying what we really believe and sticking to what we say."

Mr. Russell's initial essay treats of the "Element of Ethics," and is the longest, the most important essay in the volume for him who desires to learn the basis of faith upon which Mr. Russell founds his philosophy of life. In this essay, so closely reasoned and logically progressive that it takes us back to the early days when we labored over Spinoza's *Ethics,* Mr. Russell shows us again how foolish in practice and false in theory it is to let the actual world dictate our standard of good and evil. As to an ultimate optimism or pessimism, he still maintains that complete suspension of judgment is the rational attitude. But to derive a theory of good and bad from a summing-up of successes and failures or "cash values"—to infer, in fact, any results as to ultimate good and evil from a study of things that exist, or to set our faith wholly in evolutionary ethics and "the survival of the fittest," is to set up a worship of force and to believe that what fights most successfully is most admirable, so that, as he says elsewhere, in the end "ironclads and Maxim guns must be the ultimate arbiters of metaphysical truth." He deals cleverly with the mystical doc-

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trine that nothing that exists is evil, that "evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound," but he does not mention the further mystical development that evil ceases to be evil because it is the soil from which good grows and upon which good nourishes itself—a point of view ably handled by several English poets, Robert Browning in particular.

The second essay in the book, "The Freeman's Worship," is a bit of eloquent, poetic and profoundly felt writing for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the literature of philosophy, unless one might set beside it certain rhapsodies from *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. The difference, however, is marked; however profound the emotion with which Mr. Russell writes, he never flies into the dim inane. There is in all his utterance something of that "sad courage" with which an ancient poet endowed the English Antigone. Perhaps a taste of this essay may best be given by extracts.

"The worship of Force, to which Carlyle and Nietzsche and the creed of Militarism have accustomed us, is the result of failure to maintain our own ideals against a hostile universe: it is itself a prostrate submission to evil, a sacrifice of our best to Moloch."

"To every man comes, sooner or later, the great renunciation, . . . by death, by illness, by poverty or by the voice of duty, we must learn each one of us that the world was not made for us, and that, however beautiful may be the things we crave, Fate may nevertheless forbid them. It is the part of courage, when misfortune comes, to bear without repining the ruin of our hopes, to turn away our thoughts from vain regrets. This degree of submission to power is not only just and right—it is the very gate of wisdom."

"To take into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible forces whose puppets we seem to be—Death and change, the irrevocableness of the past and the powerlessness of man before the blind hurry of the universe from vanity to vanity—to feel these things and know them is to conquer them. This is the reason why the Past has such magical power. The beauty of its motionless and silent pictures is like the enchanted purity of last autumn, when the leaves, though one breath would make them fall, still glow against the sky in golden glory. The Past does not change or strive; like Duncan, after life's fitful fever it sleeps well; what was eager and grasping, what was petty and transitory, has faded away; the things that were beautiful and eternal shine out of it like stars in the night. Its beauty to a soul not worthy of it is unendurable, but to a soul which has conquered Fate it is the key of religion."

"The life of Man, viewed outwardly, is but a small thing in comparison with the forces of Nature. The slave is doomed to worship Time, Fate, and Death, because they are greater than anything he finds in himself and because all his thoughts are of things which they devour. But, great as they are, to think of them greatly, to feel their passionless splendor, is greater still. . . . To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness of temporary desire, to burn with passion for eternal things—this is emancipation and this is the free man's worship."

It would be unfair to the remainder of the book to quote further from this exquisite essay, which is the most beautiful and eloquent setting forth of the religion of the agnostic we have ever seen.

The four last essays—"Pragmatism," "William James's Conception of

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Truth," "The Monistic Theory of Truth," and "On the Nature of Truth and Falsehood"—are directly aimed at the famous new philosophy. Mr. Russell points out how large a part democracy has played in Mr. James's theory.

"There is an impatience of authority, an unwillingness to condemn widespread prejudices, a tendency to decide philosophical questions by putting them to the vote, which contrast curiously with the usual dictatorial tone of philosophical writing. Dr. Schiller at one time set to work to elucidate the question of a future life by taking a poll. William James claims for the pragmatist temper 'the open air and possibilities of nature as against dogma, artificiality, and the pretense of finality in truth.' A thing which simply *is* true, whether you like it or not, is to him as hateful as a Russian autocracy; he feels that he is escaping from a prison made not by stone walls, but by 'hard facts,' when he has humanized truth and made it, like the police force in a democracy, the servant of the people instead of their master. The democratic temper pervades even the religion of the pragmatists; they have the religion they have chosen, and the traditional reverence is changed into satisfaction with their own handiwork. 'The prince of darkness,' James says, 'may be a gentleman, as we are told he is, but whatever the God of earth and heaven is he can surely be no gentleman.' He is rather, we should say, conceived by pragmatists as an elected president, to whom we give a respect which is really a tribute to the wisdom of our own choice."

The free and light-hearted chaff of Dr. James and his theories is amply apologized for in the note to the preface, in which the author says that the great philosopher's death took place during the printing of the book and makes him wish to express, what does not always appear to the uninitiated in controversial writings, "the profound respect and personal esteem which I felt for him."

It would take more space than we have at command to do real justice to the wit and wisdom of this most literary volume of philosophy and this most philosophical contribution to literature.

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1911.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who is the son of Ford Madox Brown's daughter and Dr. Francis Hueffer, for many years musical critic of the London *Times*, and the nephew by marriage of William Michael Rossetti, gives his volume the subtitle "A Study in Atmospheres." And what an atmosphere of genius, nobility, purity it is! Yes, we say purity advisedly, because it was an atmosphere of high and true aspirations utterly devoid of self-interest. The book opens with a charming dedication to Mr. Hueffer's own two daughters and then plunges at once into the memories of his early childhood and a description of the house, which was described by Thackeray as Colonel Newcomb's, in which this same fortunate Ford Madox Hueffer first saw the light of day. His childhood was closely surrounded by such figures as Swinburne, the two Rossettis, Burne-Jones, William Morris, George Meredith, the Abbé Liszt, James Thomson, Joaquin Miller, Phillip Bourke Marston, Joachim, etc.

Of the pre-Raphaelites themselves he says very truly: "They were, to

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a man, rather burly, passionate creatures, extraordinarily enthusiastic, extraordinarily romantic, and most impressively quarrelsome." "They liked to swear," he records of them, "and, what is more, they liked to hear each other swear." Their note was in no wise ascetic. "They desired, in fact, all of them, room to expand, and when they could not expand in any other directions they expanded in their letters."

These letters, from which extracts are given, are simply delightful in their naïveté, their lack of restraint and calculation. P——, for example, is supposed to have reported that Swinburne accused Rossetti of —— To this Swinburne instantly responds that if P—— says that, P—— lies." Ford Madox Brown then writes to P—— to say how, when, and why the accusation was made, and explains how he went round to Burne-Jones's and found that Jones had eaten practically nothing for the last fortnight, and how between them they decided that the best thing they could do would be to go and tell Rossetti all about it, which resulted in a painful interview between Rossetti and Swinburne. P—— then replies that he never uttered any such words upon any such occasion, because on that very occasion he was not present, having gone round to sit with Ruskin, who had an awful toothache and who read aloud one hundred and twenty pages of *Stones of Venice*. Moreover, he could not have said any such thing about Gabriel (Rossetti), since he knew nothing whatever of Gabriel's daily habits, having refused to speak to him for the last nine months because of Gabriel's intolerable habit of backbiting, which was sure to lead them all to destruction. At this point Rossetti himself joins in the fray and explains that, after all, it was not P—— who made the accusation, and that it was not made against him, but against O. X. the Academician. But, however, if P—— accuses him of backbiting, P—— is a liar, because he, Gabriel, had said nothing but a few casual words against P——'s wife's mother, who was "a damned old cat." And so the correspondence thrives until, six months later, every one withdraws all charges, and they meet at dinner at Madox Brown's, Rossetti bringing with him Plint, the picture-dealer, intending to make him buy P——'s picture of the "Lost Shepherd" for two thousand pounds. Undoubtedly they were all devoted to one another and to Art—with a capital A—and to one another's art. With the same frenzy with which in private life they called one another sneaks, muffs, and even thieves did they proclaim one another to the picture-dealers as incomparable geniuses, and so, says Mr. Hueffer, "bickering like swashbucklers or like school-boys about wine, women, and song, they pushed onward to prosperity and to fame."

The book, so crowded with these delightful figures, is a mine of fun and laughter and enjoyment, but perhaps only he whose youth was spent in England, and whose memory reaches back to the early eighties, and remembers how large these great names loomed then can fully enjoy the flavor of the volume. How touching and how thoroughly in character is the anecdote of how Meredith left the house in Cheyne Walk where he, Swinburne, and the two Rossettis attempted some sort of communal living. Each was to pay one-fourth the rent, but Meredith, being at the time in dire poverty, was to take his meals outside and make no contribution toward living expenses. His comrades, fearing that he did not get enough to eat, sent up small breakfast dishes and attempted to contribute to his comfort. Finally, the end came when the benevolent poets sub-

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stituted for a pair of very cracked old boots, which were put outside the door to be cleaned, a new pair of exactly the same size and make. George Meredith put on the shoes, went out, forwarded a check for a quarter's rent, and never came back again.

But it would be impossible to tell again all the delightful anecdotes of these great-hearted men and noble artists. Mr. Hueffer's is the most entertaining of all the recent books on the pre-Raphaelites. Nothing could exceed the nobility and charm of Lady Burne-Jones's memoir of her husband or the value of Holman Hunt's autobiography, but Mr. Hueffer's book brings in the whole great party of geniuses, and we see them as they played and worked with one another.

We should like immensely to know the name of comrade P——, who tried so heroically and persistently to persuade the world that clothes were unnecessary; and we are glad, at last, to come across a real account of the tragic death of James Thomson, a matter that has been so long and unnecessarily hushed up.

The book is simply delightful from end to end. We wonder if Mr. Hueffer's mention of the little cotton-manufacturing town called "Falls [*sic*] River, New Jersey," and his memory of a dreadful sign that met him at every turn in America, "Drink Boxie," are slips or affectations or jests. But details matter little; he has lifted us for the time being out of this driving, commercial atmosphere into that of youth and genius and high hope.

THE TEACHERS OF EMERSON. By JOHN S. HARRISON, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in Kenyon College. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company, 1910.

Emerson is still a local divinity, a New England god of the hills whose power and renown have not yet fully penetrated, so to speak, to the plains. Outside of New England by those who know him best he is still instinctively thought of as belonging to a particular section, to a particular group, a special cult. Unconsciously so to feel and think, however, is to take nothing from his genius nor from his influence, whether present or potential; it is simply to recognize the fact that the lovers and readers of Emerson are chiefly among those who, by intellectual or actual inheritance, belong to his part of the country and have been born, as it were, to the transcendental tradition. For minds are not instinctively Emersonian, as they may be said to be instinctively either Platonist or Aristotelian; and our philosopher-poet or poet-philosopher appeals but to a certain kind and quality of mind, and, while his followers may be choice spirits, they will, in the nature of things, never be many. Ultimately, indeed, Emerson's fame may come to center more strongly in his verse than in his prose, since his verse is the more individual and distinctive; for, to quote Aristotle, "Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than does history," or even than does philosophy, and for this simple reason, that history shows what man does, philosophy what he thinks or tries to think, while poetry that is worth the name shows what man *is*.

This book of Professor Harrison's is deeply interesting and suggestive and reveals an exhaustive study of Emerson's writings. Thread by thread the mental fabric is unraveled and the various strands are shown to have their different and significant attachments to the loom of past thought.

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Yet thought is a living and continuous process, and no mechanical figure will ever adequately express it. Curious how the torch of thought can be handed across long ages from one mind to another; more curious still that Plotinus, the mystic of the third century, should have found so rare and competent an interpreter on the shores of the New World in the first half of the nineteenth century and in the person of a descendant of Protestant ministers. It is a dramatic moment and situation when minds find themselves allied and affined, and when the flower of thought blooms again, a new variety of an old family. Emerson's Neo-Platonism and his indebtedness to the Alexandrian school of Greek philosophy are clearly brought out. But what he absorbed and assimilated from the Neo-Platonists, Plotinus at their head and Cudworth as an aid, he made peculiarly his own and gave it forth in a new, fine, and highly individual form. He did, indeed, admirably interpret, but he also re-created and refashioned. Neo-Platonist Emerson approximately was, but as a Platonist the case is not so clearly proven. Temperamentally and mentally Emerson is not Socratic. He is not incredulous enough, skeptical and ironical enough; he does not hold judgment sufficiently in suspense; he is not humane, dramatic, creative enough to be one of Plato's true disciples. Plato suggests, but never really concludes; he sets all the genii of thought free, but never tries to conjure them into any coffer of judgment. Emerson discarded certain beliefs and forms of thought, but he never laid aside their manner and was always unconsciously possessed by their *vis inertia*. He ceased to be a Unitarian minister, but he never ceased to preach. He always insists that we shall hear the conclusion of the whole matter, and he never fails to conclude with a moral. Indeed, Emerson can no more be taken without his moral than he can be taken without his shadow. He renounced Christianity, but not its zeal; he renounced authority, yet did not teach as one of the more persuasive scribes. Emerson's genius shows brightest and best if one does not take him for a philosopher, but takes him for what he really was—a poet and an intellectual mystic. For here is the vast difference between Emerson and Plotinus, that Plotinus was a spiritual mystic and Emerson an intellectual one. Emerson does not owe more to Plotinus than Plotinus owes to the Gnostics, but Emerson falls short just here of his master. The "Over-soul," with its rarefactions and tenuity, proves almost incomprehensible to the average man; to Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists it would have seemed "foolishness." Those acute Greek minds, touched by but not converted to Christian thought, would have made short and sharp work of Emerson's claims to philosophy. One of the truest things that was ever said of Emerson was said by Henry James the Elder, that Emerson "had no sense of sin." But to have "no sense of sin" is to be inadequately furnished forth for this world's uses. It precludes the deepest sympathy, the keenest vision, the highest intellectual and spiritual reach. After all is said and done there is a curious naïveté in Emerson's thinking, a thinness in his philosophy, that makes one pause. It is not full-blooded enough for human uses, and without a body there seems to be no accompanying soul. Plato was profoundly interested in all mental processes, it is true, but he was a great creative and literary artist as well. The *Dialogues* are immortal quite as much because of the life they embody as because of the thought they convey. Emerson has a touch of genius and of the dialectic imagination, but he has nothing of the creative im-

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agination of Plato nor of the mystical imagination of Plotinus. In its care, thought, and suggestion Mr. Harrison's book is a distinct addition to Emersonian literature and a distinct aid to those who would fain understand Emerson's range and depth as well as his limitations. The book is also furnished with a convenient bibliography and a good index.

ESSAYS ON RUSSIAN NOVELISTS. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1911.

This volume on the Russian novelists proves to us how very difficult it would be to have in any near future a school of American criticism. Mr. Howells, in a recent "Easy Chair," names one critic in this land whom he is willing to place on the same level with the French masters of criticism and Georg Brandes, and another whom he thinks is hardly less great. After these two, and politely or not, in front of two women critics he places Mr. Phelps of Yale. As one reads Mr. Phelps's verdicts upon the Russian novelists one sees over again a certain dinner-table full of celebrities in London, where the venerable William de Morgan occupied a seat of honor, and, turning to the American lady at his side, said: "Are you acquainted with Mr. Phelps of America? He thinks very highly of my work."

In the present volume Mr. Phelps of America has dealt with nine Russian novelists; he offers us a very good chapter on the "Russian National Character" and an invaluable list, chronologically arranged, of the publications of the nine novelists analyzed. These are: Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Gorki, Chekhov, Artsybashev, Andreev, and Kuprin.

Of these essays—and all of them are, we suppose, premeditatedly slight—the best one and the most understanding is that of Turgenev. Turgenev was a polite and restrained writer as well as a very great artist. Despite Henry James's frank confession that his own style was too *tarabiscoté*, too much dressed up with little flowers and knots of ribbon to suit Turgenev, yet it is not at all fanciful to see a certain undercurrent of resemblance in the complexity, restraint, self-suppression, and elegance of these two authors. It is Mr. James himself who points out to us in an early essay that American readers of Turgenev are often struck with points of resemblance between American and Russian life; the young girls of Turgenev have "a touch of the faintly acrid perfume of the New England temperament—a hint of Puritan angularity." It is this very likeness between American prejudice and this particular Russian's practice which makes Mr. Phelps's essay on the great writer the only really sympathetic chapter in the book.

Mr. Phelps himself mentions the difficulty that Americans have in escaping provincial prejudices, and yet nothing could exceed in prejudice and provincialism the heartless way in which Mr. Phelps repeats in one chapter the unfortunate story of the collapse of Gorki's mission to our land—a story, by-the-by, that reflects so little credit upon the candor and honesty of our civilization that we wonder any American should want to repeat it at all.

Again the essay on Tolstoi is totally unsympathetic and would entirely mislead one as to the force, ability, power, and character of the man and the writer. "Tolstoi," remarks Mr. Phelps, "of all the great Russian

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writers was the most unlovely." With such a statement as this before him there seems to be nothing for a reviewer to do but say that it would be very difficult to find any utterance more completely beside the mark. "Throughout this book *(Kreutzer Sonata)*, as in all Tolstoi's work, is the eternal question *why*," continues the essayist. As a matter of fact, in the first autobiographical book of Tolstoi, in which he asks the great question *why* of life and its significance, he also tells us that he has found the answer. Life is explained when each man realizes himself as a part of an infinite whole. Again, and decidedly at the expense of the great writer, Mr. Phelps says of the Countess Tolstoi: "She became an ideal wife and shared in all his work, copying in her own hand his manuscripts again and again. In all her relations with the difficult temperament of her husband she exhibited the utmost devotion and that uncommon quality which we call common sense."

It is difficult to judge between a husband and wife, and no one would be bold enough to suggest that a genius moves easily in the marital bonds; when one adds to genius an ascetic temperament, totally unworldly ideas, and an attempt to adjust life to a literal interpretation of Christian teaching, one trebles the difficulties. Whoever has read the whole voluminous life and letters realizes that Countess Tolstoi was a kind, worldly, well-meaning woman, who adored her husband and had no patience with his ideals. She thwarted him at every turn, even going so far as to threaten to call in the law against him in one instance. She had, indeed, common sense—*i. e.*, the perceptions of average man, but why common sense is more commendable than a common mind or common manners we fail to see.

The essay on Dostoevski shows effort on the writer's part to do justice to a type of literature with which he is totally unsympathetic, and the essays on Kuprin, Chekhov, Artsybashev are valuable as practically introducing these writers to American readers.

As a whole, the criticism is at once arbitrary and conventional. The standards of judgment are those of the average man in the street, and yet they are used in a wilful manner, quite as if the professional critic were justified in setting up and holding to such standards. The book is printed on shockingly cheap, bad paper.

LEARNING AND OTHER ESSAYS. By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co., 1910.

Those who remember Mr. Chapman's fine essay on "Learning" which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* about a year ago will now be glad to have it and others in book form, for this essay is one of those *multum in parvo* writings that help to keep alive the tradition, history, and actuality of scholarship and culture. Of course the value of this or of any essay depends upon the quality of the "experiencing mind" to which it appeals, but surely all who care for Life on its most powerful and lasting side—the side of ideas and ideals—must rejoice in those who have vision enough to perceive the truth and courage enough lovingly to set it forth, for, to make the task doubly difficult, there are many nowadays who feed themselves and us on crass flatteries. Instead of holding the mirror up to our average American life, showing us the true picture and enabling us to improve, these good folk tickle their itching ears and ours with high-

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swelling words and misleading adjectives. It is not our pinchbeck politicians only who keep assuring us that we are great and mighty and all-sufficient, and can be and ought to be a model and law unto ourselves. To hear some of them talk, one would suppose that there is no such thing as cause and consequence, and that history had never been written for our edification and warning. What these partly informed and unthinking people promote is, not a desire for improvement, but a national self-satisfaction that is most dangerous; for self-satisfaction, whether in individuals or in nations, is the last and worst estate of the lost. To be self-satisfied is to preclude the possibility of mental and spiritual motion or advance, and this is to be practically dead. The American is naturally idealistic, and given half a chance he will make good his birthright and will do valiantly and well. He instinctively does desire the best, and would fain achieve it, but his counselors and leaders are not always wise. In our vaunted material greatness, with its accompanying commercialization of every department of life, lies our present-day danger. Seek ye first material advantage and success, and all other things will be added unto you, is the virtual advice that one hears far too often; so that even education, which means spiritual as well as mental development, is coming to be judged by this same rule-of-thumb notion of mere worldly success. And yet writ large over individual life and history is the searching and eternal question, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is this menace to mental and spiritual values that has aroused many of the best and most capable among us, and is leading them to utter wholesome and timely words of warning. Our material life is becoming ever more and more complex, its interrelations are becoming more and more delicate, intricate, and less easily adjustable. Only the finest and most comprehensive mental and spiritual development, therefore, can face some of our immediate problems and rightly master them. At this juncture, then, to minimize mind and spirit, and to overemphasize the material is to invite failure. So to do means that there will inevitably come a day, and that not far distant, when mind and spirit would find themeselves inadequate to the needs of even material living. Such days have been in the history of the race, when both men and nations were weighed in the balances and found wanting. To invert values, to mistake the less for the greater, is to court irretrievable disaster, and Mr. Chapman does well to put his finger, as do others, on the mental and spiritual inadequacy which is displayed in certain educational quarters.

The other noticeable essays in the volume are the one on "The Drama," on "Dr. Howe"—a loving tribute—and "The Influence of Schools," which is perhaps as significant as any. Not what a man is actually and quantitatively taught, but what he is induced to *learn*, the intellectual interest with which he is inspired, are the better parts of education; not what he actually achieves, but what he aspires to, places the man; not actual information so much as a quality and condition of mind that is more or less accessible to all knowledge is what makes a man valuable to himself and others.

Le moi qui fait, qui pense, qui est, is forever more than a mere trader. To begin life with a dominant idea of effort to be put forth for value received is to spike one's guns before going into battle, is to go into life *hampered* and in a condition that precludes any lasting and real joy or high achievement. Mr. Chapman stands for this somewhat neglected truth.

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"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER XIII—*(Continued)*

This much said, there is no need to tell anything more of that first interview and of the several others. To the morality of a Western reader an account of these meetings would wear, perhaps, the sinister character of old legendary tales where the enemy of mankind is represented holding subtly mendacious dialogues with some tempted soul. It is not my part to protest. Let me but remark that the Evil One, with his single passion of satanic pride for the only motive, is yet, on a larger, modern view, allowed to be not quite so black as he used to be painted. With what greater latitude, then, should we appraise the exact shade of mere mortal man, with his many passions and his miserable ingenuity in error, always dazzled by the base glitter of mixed motives everlastingly betrayed by a short-sighted wisdom?

Councilor Mikulin was one of these powerful officials who, in a position not obscure, not occult, but simple, inconspicuous, exercise a great influence over the methods rather than over the conduct of affairs. A devotion to Church and Throne is not in itself a criminal sentiment; to prefer the will of one to the will of many does not argue the possession of a black heart or prove congenital idiocy. Councilor Mikulin was not only a clever, but also a subtle, official. Privately he was a bachelor, with a love of comfort, living alone in an apartment of five rooms luxuriously furnished, and was known by his intimates to be an enlightened patron of the art of female dancing. Later on the larger world first heard of him in the very hour of his downfall during one of these State trials which astonish and puzzle the average plain man who reads the newspapers by a glimpse of unsuspected intrigues. And in the stir of vaguely seen monstrosities, in that momentary, mysterious disturbance of muddy waters, Councilor Mikulin went under, dignified, with only a calm, emphatic protest of his innocence—nothing more. No disclosure damaging to a harassed autocracy, complete fidelity to the secrets of the miserable Arcana Imperii deposited in his patriotic breast, a display of bureaucratic stoicism in a Russian official's ineradicable, almost sublime contempt for truth; stoicism of silence understood only by the very few of the initiated, and not without a certain cynical grandeur of self-sacrifice on the part of a sybarite. For the terribly heavy sentence turned Councilor Mikulin civilly into a corpse and actually into something very much like a common convict.

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It seems that the savage autocracy, any more than the divine democracy, does not limit its diet exclusively to the bodies of its enemies. The downfall of His Excellency Gregory Gregorievitch Mikulin (which did not occur till some years later) completes all that is known of the man. But at the time of Mr. de P——'s murder (or execution) Councilor Mikulin, under the modest style of head of department at the General Secretariat, exercised a wide influence as the confidant and right-hand man of his former schoolfellow and lifelong friend General T——. One can imagine them talking over the case of Mr. Razumov with the full sense of their unbounded power over all the lives in Russia, with cursory disdain, like two Olympians glancing at a worm. The relationship with Prince K—— was enough to save Razumov from some carelessly arbitrary proceedings; and it is also very probable that after the interview at the Secretariat he would have been left alone. Councilor Mikulin would not have forgotten him (he forgot no one who ever fell under his observation), but would have simply dropped him forever. Councilor Mikulin was a good-natured man, and wished no harm to any one, besides (with his own reforming tendencies) being favorably impressed by that young student, the son of Prince K——, and apparently no fool.

But as Fate would have it, while Mr. Razumov was finding that no way of life was possible to him, Councilor Mikulin's discreet abilities were rewarded by a very responsible post—nothing less than the direction of the general police supervision over Europe. And it was then and then only, when taking in hand the perfecting of the service which watches the revolutionist activities abroad, that he thought again of Mr. Razumov. He saw great possibilities of special usefulness in that uncommon young man, on whom he had a hold already, with his peculiar temperament, his unsettled mind and shaken conscience, and struggling in the toils of a false position. . . . It was as if the revolutionists themselves had put in his hand that tool so much finer than the common, base instruments, so perfectly fitted, if only invested with sufficient credit, to penetrate into places inaccessible to common informers. Providential. Providential. And Prince K——, taken into the secret, was ready enough to adopt that mystical view, too. "It will be necessary, though, to make a career for him afterward," he had stipulated, anxiously. "Oh, absolutely! We shall make that our affair," Mikulin had agreed. Prince K——'s mysticism was of an artless kind, but Councilor Mikulin was astute enough for two.

Things and men have always a certain sense, a certain side, by which they must be got hold of if one wants to obtain a solid grasp and a perfect command. The power of Councilor Mikulin consisted in the ability to seize upon that sense, that side, in the men he used. It did not matter to him what it was—vanity, despair, love, hate, greed, intelligent pride, or stupid conceit—it was all one to him as long as the man could be made to serve. The obscure, unrelated young student, Razumov, in the moment of great moral loneliness, was allowed to feel that he was an object of interest to a small group of people of high position. Prince K—— was persuaded to intervene personally; and on a certain occasion gave way to a manly emotion which, all unexpected as it was, quite upset Mr. Razumov. The sudden embrace of that man, agitated by his loyalty to a throne and by suppressed paternal affection, was a revelation to Mr. Razumov of something within his own breast.

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"So that was it!" he exclaimed to himself. A sort of contemptuous tenderness softened the young man's grim view of his position as he reflected upon that agitated interview with Prince K——. This simple-minded, worldly ex-guardsman and senator, whose soft gray official whiskers had brushed against his cheek, his aristocratic and convinced father, was he a whit less estimable or more absurd than that famine-stricken, fanatical revolutionist, the red-nosed student?

And there was some pressure, too—besides the persuasiveness. Mr. Razumov was always being made to feel that he had committed himself. There was no getting away from that feeling, from that soft, unanswerable "Where to?" of Councilor Mikulin. But no susceptibilities were ever hurt. It was to be a dangerous mission to Geneva for obtaining, at a critical moment, absolutely reliable information from a very inaccessible quarter of the inner revolutionary circle. There were indications that a very serious plot was being matured. . . . The repose indispensable to a great country was at stake. . . . A great scheme of orderly reforms would be endangered. . . . The highest personages in the land were patriotically uneasy, and so on. In short, Councilor Mikulin knew what to say. His skill is to be inferred clearly from the mental and psychological self-confession, self-analysis of Mr. Razumov's written journal—the pitiful resource of a young man who had near him no trusted intimacy, no natural affection to turn to.

How all this preliminary work was concealed from observation need not be recorded. The expedient of the oculist gives a sufficient instance. Councilor Mikulin was resourceful, and the task was not very difficult. Any fellow-student, even the red-nosed one, was perfectly welcome to see Mr. Razumov entering a private house to consult an oculist. Ultimate success depended solely on the revolutionary self-delusion which credited Razumov with a mysterious complicity in the Haldin affair. To be compromised in it was credit enough—and it was their own doing. It was precisely *that* which stamped Mr. Razumov as a providential man, wide as the poles apart from the usual type of agent for "European supervision."

And it was *that* which the Secretariat set itself the task to foster by a course of calculated and false indiscretions.

It came at last to this that one evening Mr. Razumov was unexpectedly called upon by one of the "thinking" students whom formerly before the Haldin affair he used to meet at various private gatherings: a big fellow with a quiet, unassuming manner and a pleasant voice.

Recognizing his voice raised in the anteroom, "May one come in," Razumov, lounging idly on his couch, jumped up. "Suppose he were coming to stab me?" he thought, sardonically; and assuming a green shade over his left eye said, in a severe tone, "Come in."

The other was embarrassed; hoped he was not intruding.

"You haven't been seen for several days and I've wondered." He coughed a little. "Eye better?"

"Nearly well now."

"Good. I won't stop a minute; but, you see, I—that is, we . . . anyway, I have undertaken the duty to warn you, Kirylo Sidorovitch, that you are living in false security, maybe."

Razumov sat still, with his head leaning on his hand which nearly concealed the unshaded eye.

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"I have that idea, too."

"That's all right, then. Everything seems quiet now, but those people are preparing some move of general repression. That's of course. But it isn't that I came to tell you." He hitched his chair closer, dropped his voice. "You will be arrested before long—we fear."

An obscure scribe in the Secretariat had overheard a few words of a certain conversation and had caught a glimpse of a certain report. This intelligence was not to be neglected.

Razumov laughed a little and his visitor became very anxious.

"Ah, Kirylo Sidorovitch, this is no laughing matter. They have left you alone for a while, but . . . Indeed, you had better try to leave the country, Kirylo Sidorovitch, while there's yet time."

Razumov jumped up and began to thank him for the advice with mocking effusiveness so that the other, coloring up, took himself off, with the notion that this mysterious Razumov was not a person to be warned or advised by inferior mortals.

Councilor Mikulin, informed the next day of the incident, expressed his satisfaction. "H'm! Ha! Exactly what was wanted to . . ." and glanced down his beard.

"I conclude," said Razumov, "that the moment has come for me to start on my mission."

"The psychological moment," Councilor Mikulin insisted, softly—very grave—as if awed.

All the arrangements to give verisimilitude to the appearance of a difficult escape were made. Councilor Mikulin did not expect to see Mr. Razumov again before his departure. These meetings were a risk, and there was nothing more to settle.

"We have said everything to each other by now, Kirylo Sidorovitch," said the high official, feelingly, pressing Razumov's hand with that unreserved heartiness a Russian can convey in his manner. "There is nothing obscure between us. And I will tell you what! I consider myself fortunate in having—h'm—your . . ."

He glanced down his beard; and, after a moment of grave silence, he handed to Razumov a half-sheet of note-paper—an abbreviated note of matters already discussed, certain points of inquiry, the line of conduct agreed on, a few hints as to personalities, and so on. It was the only compromising document in the case, but, as Councilor Mikulin observed, it could be easily destroyed. Mr. Razumov had better not see any one now—till on the other side of the frontier, when, of course, it will be just that . . . see and hear and . . .

He glanced down his beard; but when Razumov declared his intention to see one person at least, Councilor Mikulin failed to conceal a sudden uneasiness. The young man's studious, solitary, and austere existence was well known to him. It was the greatest guarantee of fitness. He became deprecatory. Had his dear Kirylo Sidorovitch considered whether, in view of such a momentous enterprise, it wasn't really advisable to sacrifice every sentiment . . .

Razumov interrupted the remonstrance scornfully. It was not a young woman; it was a young fool he wished to see for a certain purpose. Councilor Mikulin was relieved, but surprised.

"Ah! And what for—precisely?"

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"For the sake of improving the aspect of verisimilitude," said Razumov, curtly, in a desire to affirm his independence. "I must be trusted in what I do."

Councilor Mikulin gave way tactfully, murmuring: "Oh, certainly, certainly. Your judgment . . ."

And with another handshake they parted.

The fool of whom Mr. Razumov had thought was the rich and festive student known as "Madcap Kostia." Feather-headed, loquacious, excitable, one could make certain of his utter and complete indiscretion. But that riotous youth, when reminded by Razumov of his offers of service some time ago, passed from his usual elation into boundless dismay.

"Oh, Kirylo Sidorovitch, my dearest friend — my savior — what shall I do? I've blown last night every ruble I had from my dad the other day. Can't you give me till Thursday? I shall rush round to all the usurers I know. . . . No, of course you can't! Don't look at me like that. What shall I do? No use asking the old man. I tell you he's given me a fistful of big notes three days ago. Miserable wretch that I am!"

He wrung his hands in despair. Impossible to confide in the old man. "They" had given him a decoration, a cross on the neck, only last year, and he had been cursing the modern tendencies ever since. Just then he would see all the intellectuals in Russia hanged in a row rather than part with a single ruble.

"Kirylo Sidorovitch, wait a moment. Don't despise me. I have it. I'll—yes, I'll do it—I'll break into his desk. There's no help for it. I know the drawer where he keeps his plunder, and I can buy a chisel on my way home. He will be terribly upset; but, you know, the dear old duffer really loves me. He'll have to get over it—and I, too. Kirylo, my dear soul, if you can only wait for a few hours—till this evening—I shall steal all the blessed lot I can lay my hands on! You doubt me! Why? You've only to say the word."

"Steal, by all means," said Razumov, fixing him stonily.

"To the devil with the Ten Commandments!" cried the other, with the greatest animation. "It's the new future now."

But when he entered Razumov's room late in the evening it was with an unaccustomed soberness of manner, almost solemnly.

"It's done," he said.

Razumov, sitting bowed, his clasped hands hanging between his knees, shuddered at the familiar sound of these words. Kostia deposited slowly in the circle of lamplight a small, brown, paper parcel tied with a piece of string.

"As I've said—all I could lay my hands on. The old boy 'll think the end of the world has come."

Razumov nodded from the couch, and contemplated the harebrained fellow's gravity with a feeling of malicious pleasure.

"I've made my little sacrifice," sighed mad Kostia. "And I've to thank you, Kirylo Sidorovitch, for the opportunity."

"It has cost you something?"

"Yes, it has. You see, the dear old duffer really loves me. He'll be hurt."

"And you believe all they tell you of the new future and the sacred will of the people?"

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"Implicitly. I would give my life. . . . Only, you see, I am like a pig at the trough. I am no good. It's my nature."

Razumov, lost in thought, had forgotten his existence till the youth's voice, urgently entreating him to fly without loss of time, roused him unpleasantly.

"All right. Well—good-by."

"I am not going to leave you till I've seen you out of Petersburg," declared Kostia, unexpectedly, with calm determination. "You can't refuse me that now. For God's sake, Kirylo, my soul, they may be here any moment, and when they get you they'll immure you somewhere for ages—till your hair turns gray. I have down there the best trotter of dad's stables and a light sledge. We shall do thirty miles before the moon sets and find some roadside station. . . ."

Razumov looked up amazed. The journey was decided—unavoidable. He had fixed the next day for his departure—on the mission. And now he discovered suddenly that he had not believed in all this at all. He had gone about listening, speaking, thinking, planning his simulated flight, with the growing conviction that all this was preposterous. As if anybody ever did such things! It was like a game of make-believe. And now he was amazed. Here was somebody who believed in it with desperate earnestness. "If I don't go now at once," thought Razumov, with a start of fear, "I shall never go." He rose without a word, and the anxious Kostia thrust his cap on him, helped him into his cloak, or else he would have left the room bareheaded as he stood. He was walking out silently when a sharp cry arrested him.

"Kirylo!"

"What?" He turned reluctantly in the doorway. Upright, with a stiffly extended arm, Kostia, his face set and white, was pointing an eloquent forefinger at the brown little packet lying forgotten in the circle of bright light on the table. Razumov hesitated, came back for it, under the severe eyes of his companion at whom he tried to smile. But the boyish, mad youth was frowning. "It's a dream," thought Razumov, putting the little parcel into his pocket and descending the stairs. "Nobody does such things." The other held him under the arm, whispering of dangers ahead and of what he meant to do in certain contingencies. "Preposterous!" murmured Razumov to himself as he was being tucked up in the sledge. He gave himself up to watching the development of the dream with extreme attention. It continued on foreseen lines inexorably logical: the long drive, the wait at the small station sitting by a stove. They did not exchange half a dozen words altogether. Kostia, gloomy himself, did not care to break the silence. At parting they embraced twice. It had to be done—and then Kostia vanished out of the dream.

When dawn broke Razumov, very still in a hot, stuffy railway car full of bedding and of sleeping people in all its dimly lighted length, rose quietly, lowered the glass a few inches, and flung out on the great plain of snow a small brown-paper parcel. Then he sat down again, muffled up and motionless. "For the people," he thought, staring out of the window. The great white desert of frozen hard earth glided past his eyes without a sign of life.

That had been a waking act; and then the dream had him again: Prussia, Saxony, Würtemberg, faces, sights, words—all a dream observed with an

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angry, compelled attention. Zurich, Geneva—still a dream minutely followed, wearing one into harsh laughter, to fury, to death—with the fear of awakening at the end.

CHAPTER XIV

"PERHAPS life is just that," reflected Razumov, pacing to and fro under the trees of the little island, all alone with the bronze statue of Rousseau. "A dream and a fear." The dusk deepened. The pages written over and torn out of his note-book were the first fruit of his "mission." No dream, that. They contained the assurance that he was on the eve of real discoveries. "I think there is no longer anything in the way of my being completely accepted."

He had resumed his impressions in those pages of some of the conversations. He even went so far as to write: "By the by, I have discovered the personality of that terrible N. N. A horrible paunchy brute. If I hear anything of his future movements I shall send a warning."

The futility of all this overcame him like a curse. Even then he could not believe in the reality of his "mission." He looked round despairingly, as if for some way to redeem his existence from that unconquerable feeling. He crushed angrily in his hand the pages of the note-book. "This must be posted," he thought.

He gained the bridge and returned to the north shore, where he remembered having seen in one of the narrower streets a little obscure shop stocked with cheap wood-carvings, its walls lined with extremely dirty cardboard-bound volumes of a small circulating library. They sold stationery there, too. A morose, shabby old man dozed behind the counter. A thin woman in black, with a sickly face, produced the envelope he had asked for without even looking at him. Razumov thought that these people were safe to deal with because they no longer cared for anything in the world. He addressed the envelope on the counter with the German name of a certain person living in Vienna. But Razumov knew that his first communication for Councilor Mikulin would find its way to the embassy there, be copied in cipher by somebody trustworthy, and sent on to its destination all safe along with the diplomatic correspondence. That was the arrangement contrived to cover up the track of the information from all unfaithful eyes, from all indiscretions, from all mishaps and treacheries. It was to make him safe—absolutely safe.

He wandered out of the wretched shop and made for the post-office. It was then that I saw him for the second time that day. He was crossing the Rue Mont Blanc with every appearance of a rather aimless stroller. He did not recognize me, but I made him out at some distance. He was very good-looking, I thought, this remarkable friend of Miss Haldin's brother. I watched him go up to the letter-box and then retrace his steps. Again he passed me very close, but I am certain he did not see me that time, either. He carried his head well up, but he had the expression of a somnambulist struggling with the very dream which drives him forth to wander in dangerous places. My thought reverted to Natalia Haldin, to her mother. To them he seemed to be all that was left of their son and brother.

The Westerner in me was discomposed. There was something shocking in the expression on that face. Had I been myself a conspirator, a Russian

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political refugee, I could have, perhaps, been able to draw some practical conclusion from this chance glimpse. As it was, it only discomposed me strongly, even to the extent of awakening an indefinite apprehension in regard to Natalia Haldin. All this is rather inexplicable—but such was the origin of the purpose I formed there and then to call on these ladies in the evening after my solitary dinner. It was true that I had met Miss Haldin only a few hours before, but Mrs. Haldin herself I had not seen for some considerable time. The truth is I had shirked calling of late.

Poor Mrs. Haldin! I confess she frightened me a little. She was one of those natures, rare enough, luckily, in which one cannot help being interested, because they provoke at once both terror and pity. One dreads their contact for one's self, and still more for those one cares for, so clear it is that they are born to suffer and to make others suffer, too. It is strange to think that, I won't say liberty, but the mere liberalism of outlook which for us is a matter of words, of ambitions, of votes (and if of feeling at all, then of the sort of feeling which leaves our deepest affections untouched), may be for other beings very much like ourselves and living under the same sky a heavy trial of fortitude, a matter of tears and anguish and blood. Mrs. Haldin had felt the pangs of her own generation. There was that enthusiast brother of hers—the officer they shot under Nicholas. A faintly ironic resignation is no armor for a vulnerable heart. Mrs. Haldin, struck at through her children, was bound to suffer afresh from the past and to feel the anguish of the future. She was of those who do not know how to heal themselves; of those who are too much aware of their hearts; who neither cowardly nor selfish look passionately at its wounds—and count the cost.

Such thoughts as these seasoned my modest, lonely bachelor's meal. If anybody wishes to remark that this was a roundabout way of thinking of Natalia Haldin, I can only retort that she was well worth some concern. She had all her life before her. Let it be admitted, then, that I was thinking of Natalia Haldin's life in terms of her mother's character, a manner of thinking of a girl permissible for an old man, not too old yet to have become a stranger to pity. There was almost all her youth before her; a youth robbed arbitrarily of its natural lightness and joy, overshadowed by an un-European despotism; a terribly somber youth given over to the hazards of a furious strife between equally ferocious antagonisms.

I lingered over my thoughts more than I should have done. One felt so helpless, and even worse—so unrelated, in a way. At the last moment I hesitated as to going there at all. What was the good?

All this made me late; and the evening was already advanced when, turning into the Boulevard des Philosophes, I saw the light in the window at the corner. The blind was down, but I could imagine behind it Mrs. Haldin seated in the chair in her usual attitude as if looking out for some one—which had lately acquired the poignant quality of a mad expectation.

I thought that I was sufficiently authorized by the light to knock at the door. The ladies had not retired as yet; I only hoped they would not have any visitors of their own nationality. A broken-down retired Russian official was to be found there sometimes in the evening. He was infinitely forlorn and wearisome by his mere dismal presence. I think these ladies tolerated his frequent visits because of an ancient friendship with Mr.

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Haldin, the father, or something of that sort. I made up my mind that if I found him there I should remain but a few minutes.

The door surprised me by swinging open before I could ring the bell. I was confronted by Miss Haldin in hat and jacket, obviously on the point of going out. At that hour! For the doctor, perhaps?

Her exclamation of welcome reassured me. It sounded as if I had been the very man she wanted to see. My curiosity was awakened. She drew me in, and the faithful Anna, the elderly German maid, closed the outer door, but did not go away afterward. She remained near it, as if in readiness to let me out presently. It appeared that Miss Haldin had been on the point of going out to find me.

She spoke in a hurried manner very unusual with her. She would have gone straight and rung at Mrs. Ziegler's door, late as it was, for Mrs. Ziegler's habits. . . .

Mrs. Ziegler, the widow of a very distinguished professor, who was an intimate friend of mine, lets me have three rooms out of her large and fine apartment which she didn't give up after her husband's death, but I have my own entrance opening on the same landing. It was an arrangement of at least ten years' standing. I said that I was very glad that I had the idea to . . .

Miss Haldin made no motion to take off her outdoor things. I observed her heightened color, something pronouncedly resolute in her tone. Did I know where Mr. Razumov lived?

Where Mr. Razumov lived! Mr. Razumov! At this hour—so urgently! I threw my arms up in sign of utter ignorance. I had not the slightest idea where he lived. If I could have foreseen her question only three hours ago I might have ventured to ask him on the pavement before the new post-office building, and possibly he would have told me; but very possibly, too, he would have dismissed me rudely to mind my own business. And possibly, I thought, remembering that extraordinary hallucined, anguished and absent expression, he might have fallen down in a fit from the shock of being spoken to. I said nothing of all this to Miss Haldin, not even mentioning that I had a glimpse of the young man so recently. The impression had been so extremely unpleasant that I would have been glad to forget it myself.

"I don't see where I could make inquiries," I murmured, helplessly. I would have been glad to be of use in any way, and would have set off to fetch any man, young or old, for I had the greatest confidence in her common sense. "What made you think of coming to me for that information?" I asked.

"It wasn't exactly for that," she said in a low voice. She had the air of some one confronted by an unpleasant task.

"Am I to understand that you must communicate with Mr. Razumov this evening?"

Natalia Haldin moved her head affirmatively, then, after a glance at the door of the drawing-room, said in French, "*C'est, Maman,*" and remained perplexed for a moment, always serious, not a girl to be put out by any imaginary difficulties. My curiosity was suspended on her lips, which remained closed for a moment. What was Mr. Razumov's connection with this mention of her mother? Mrs. Haldin had not been informed of her son's friend's arrival in Geneva.

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"May I hope to see your mother this evening?" I inquired.

Miss Haldin extended her hand as if to bar the way.

"She is in a terrible state of agitation. Oh, you would not be able to detect. . . . It's inward, but I who know mother—I am appalled. I haven't the courage to face it any longer. It's all my fault; I suppose I cannot play a part; I've never before hidden anything from mother. There has never been an occasion for anything of that sort between us. But you know yourself the reason why I refrained from telling her at once of Mr. Razumov's arrival here. You understand—don't you?—owing to her unhappy state. And—there—I am no actress—my own feelings being strongly engaged, I somehow . . . I don't know. She noticed something in my manner. She thought I was concealing something from her. She noticed my longer absences, and as I have been meeting Mr. Razumov daily I used to stay away longer than usual when I went out. Goodness knows what suspicions arose in her mind. You know that she has not been herself ever since . . . so this evening she—who has been so awfully silent for weeks—began to talk all at once. She said that she did not want to reproach me; that I had my character as she had her own; that she did not want to pry into my affairs or even into my thoughts; for her part, she had never had anything to conceal from her children . . . cruel things to listen to. And all this in her quiet voice, with that poor wasted face as calm as a stone. It was unbearable."

Miss Haldin talked in an undertone and more rapidly than I had ever heard her speak before. That in itself was disturbing. The anteroom being strongly lighted, I could see under the veil the heightened color of her face. She stood erect, her left hand was resting lightly on a small table. The other hung by her side without stirring. Now and then she caught her breath slightly.

"It was too startling. Just fancy! She thought that I was making preparations to leave her without saying anything. I knelt by the side of her chair and entreated her to think of what she was saying. She put her hand on my head—but she persists in her delusion all the same. She had always thought that she was worthy of her children's confidence—but apparently it was not so. Her son could not trust her love if not her understanding—and now I was planning to abandon her in the same cruel and unjust manner—and so on, and so on. Nothing I could say. . . . It is morbid obstinacy. . . . She said that she felt there was something, some change in me. . . . If my convictions were calling me away, why this secrecy, as though she had been a coward or a weakling not safe to trust? 'As if my heart could play traitor to my children,' she said. . . . It was hardly to be borne. And she was smoothing my head all the time. . . . It was perfectly useless to protest. She is ill. Her very soul is . . ."

I did not venture to break the silence which fell between us. I looked into her eyes, glistening through the veil.

"I! Changed!" she exclaimed in the same low tone. "My convictions calling me away! It was so cruel to hear that, because my trouble is that I am weak and cannot see what I ought to do. You know that. And to end it all I did a selfish thing. To remove her suspicions of myself I told her of Mr. Razumov. It was selfish of me. You know we were completely right in agreeing to keep the knowledge away from her. Perfectly right. Directly I told her of our poor Victor's friend being here I saw

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how right we have been. She ought to have been prepared, but in my distress I just blurted it out. Mother got terribly excited at once. 'How long has he been here? What did he know, and why did he not come to see us at once, this friend of her Victor? What did that mean? Was she not to be trusted even with such memories as there were left of her son?' . . . Just think how I felt seeing her white like a sheet, perfectly motionless, with her thin hands gripping the arms of the chair. I told her it was all my fault."

I could imagine the motionless, dumb figure of the mother in her chair, there behind the door near which the daughter was talking to me. The silence in there seemed to call aloud for vengeance against a historical fact and the modern instances of its working. That view flashed through my mind, but I could not doubt that Miss Haldin had had an atrocious time of it. I quite understood when she said that she could not face the night upon the impression of that scene. Mrs. Haldin had given way to most awful imaginings, to most fantastic and cruel suspicions. All that had to be lulled at all costs and without loss of time. It was no shock to me to learn that Miss Haldin had said to her, "I will go and bring him here at once." There was nothing absurd in that cry, no exaggeration of sentiment. I was not even doubtful in my "Very well—but how?"

It was perfectly right that she should think of me; but what could I do in my ignorance of Mr. Razumov's quarters?

"And to think he may be living near by, within a stone's throw, perhaps!" she exclaimed.

I doubted it; but I would have gone off cheerfully to fetch him from the other end of Geneva. I supposed she was certain of my readiness, since her first thought was to come to me. But the service she meant to ask of me really was to accompany her to the Château Borel.

On hearing this I had an unpleasant mental vision of the dark road, of the somber grounds, and the desolately suspicious aspect of that home of necromancy and intrigue and feminist adoration. I objected that Madame de S—— most likely would know nothing of what we wanted to find out. Neither did I think it likely that the young man should be found there. I remembered my glimpse of his face, and somehow gained the conviction that a man who looked worse than if he had seen the dead would want to shut himself up somewhere where he could be alone. I felt a strange certitude that Mr. Razumov was going home when I saw him.

"It is really of Peter Ivanovitch that I was thinking," said Miss Haldin, quietly.

Ah! He, of course, would know. I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past nine only. . . . Still . . .

"I would try his hotel, then," I advised. "He has rooms at the Cosmopolitan, somewhere on the top floor."

I did not offer to go by myself simply from mistrust of the reception I should meet with. But I suggested the faithful Anna—with a note asking for the information.

Anna was still waiting by the door at the other end of the room, and we two discussed the matter in whispers. Miss Haldin thought she must go herself. Anna was timid and slow. Time would be lost in bringing back the answer; and from that point of view it was getting late, for it was by no means certain that Mr. Razumov lived near by.

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"If I go myself," Miss Haldin argued, "I can go straight to him from the hotel. And in any case I should have to go out, because I must explain to Mr. Razumov personally—prepare him, in a way. You have no idea of mother's state of mind."

Her color came and went. She even thought that both for her mother's sake and for her own it was better that they should not be together for a little time. Anna, whom her mother liked, would be at hand.

"She could even take her sewing into the room. Mother won't mind," Miss Haldin continued, as I followed her to the door. Then, addressing in German the maid who opened it before us: "You may tell my mother that this gentleman called and is gone with me to find Mr. Razumov. She must not be uneasy if I am away for some length of time."

We passed out quickly at the big house door and she took deep breaths of the cool night air. "I did not even ask you," she murmured.

"I should think not," I said, with a laugh. The manner of my reception by the great feminist could not be considered now. That he would be annoyed to see me and probably treat me to some solemn insolence I had no doubt, but I supposed that he would not absolutely dare to throw me out. And that was all I cared for. "Won't you take my arm?" I asked.

She did so without a word, and neither of us spoke till I let her go first into the great hall of the hotel. It was brilliantly lighted and with a good many people lounging about.

"I could very well go up there without you," I suggested.

"I don't like to be left waiting in this place," she said in a low voice. "I will come, too."

I led her straight to the lift then. At the top floor the attendant directed us to the right: "End of the corridor."

The walls were white, the carpet red, electric lights blazed in profusion, and the emptiness, the silence, the closed doors, all alike and numbered, made me think of the perfect order of some severely luxurious model penitentiary on the solitary-confinement principle. Up there, under the roof of that enormous pile for housing travelers, no sound of any kind reached us; the thick crimson felt muffled our footsteps completely. We hastened on, not looking at each other till we found ourselves before the very last door of that long passage. Then our eyes met, and we stood thus for a moment, lending ear to a faint murmur of voices inside.

"I suppose this is it," I whispered, unnecessarily. I saw Miss Haldin's lips move, and after my sharp knock the murmur of voices ceased. A profound stillness lasted for a few seconds and then the door was brusquely opened by a short, black-eyed woman in a red blouse, with a great lot of nearly white hair done up negligently in an untidy and picturesque manner. Her thin, jetty eyebrows were drawn together. I learned afterward, with interest, that she was the famous—or the notorious—Sofia Antonovna, but I was struck then by the quaint Mephistophelian character of her inquiring glance, because it was curiously evilless, so—I may say—undevilish. It got softened still more as she looked up at Miss Haldin, who stated, in her gentle, even voice, her wish to see Peter Ivanovitch for a moment.

"I am Miss Haldin," she added.

At this, with her brow completely smoothed out now, but without a word in answer, the woman in the red blouse walked away to a sofa and sat

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down, leaving the door wide open. And from the sofa, her hands lying on her lap, she watched us enter with her black, glittering eyes.

Miss Haldin advanced into the middle of the room; I, faithful to my part of mere attendant, remained by the door after closing it behind me. The room, quite a large one, but with a low ceiling, was scantily furnished, and an electric bulb, with a porcelain shade pulled low down over a big table (with a very large map spread on it), left its distant parts in a dim, artificial twilight. Peter Ivanovitch was not to be seen; neither was Mr. Razumov present. But on the sofa near Sofia Antonovna a bony-faced man with a goatee-beard leaned forward, with his hands on his knees, staring frankly with faded kindly eyes. In a remote corner a bulky shape and a broad pale face could be made out, uncouth, and as if insecure on the low seat on which it rested. The only person known to me was little Julius Laspara, who seemed to have been poring over the map, with his feet twined tightly round the chair legs. He got down briskly and bowed to Miss Haldin, looking absurdly like a small, hook-nosed boy with a beautiful false pepper-and-salt beard. He advanced, offering his seat, which Miss Haldin declined. She had only come in for a moment to say a few words to Peter Ivanovitch.

His high-pitched voice became painfully accented in the room.

"Strangely enough, I was thinking of you this very afternoon, Natalia Viktorovna. I met Mr. Razumov. I asked him to write me an article on anything he liked. You could translate it into English with such a teacher."

He nodded complimentarily in my direction. At the name of Razumov an indescribable sound, a sort of feeble squeak, as of some angry small animal, was heard in the corner occupied by the man who seemed much too bulky for the chair on which he sat. I did not hear what Miss Haldin said. It was Laspara who spoke again.

"It's time to do something, Natalia Viktorovna. But I suppose you have your own ideas. Why not write something yourself? Suppose you came to see us soon? We could talk it over. Any advice . . ."

Again I did not catch Miss Haldin's words. It was Laspara's voice once more.

"Peter Ivanovitch? He's retired for a moment into the other room. We are all waiting for him."

The great man entering at that moment looked bigger, taller, quite imposing in a long dressing-gown of some dark stuff. It descended in straight lines down to his feet. He suggested a monk or a prophet, a robust figure of some desert-dweller—something Asiatic; and the dark glasses in conjunction with this costume made him more mysterious than ever in that subdued light.

Little Laspara went back to his chair to look at the map, the only brilliantly lit object in the room. Even from my distant position by the door I could make out, mainly by the shape of the blue part representing the water, that it was a map of the Baltic provinces. Peter Ivanovitch exclaimed slightly, advancing toward Miss Haldin, checked himself on perceiving me, very vaguely, no doubt, and peered with his dark-bespectacled stare. He must have recognized me by my gray hair, because with a marked shrug of his broad shoulders he turned to Miss Haldin in benevolent indulgence. He seized her hand and put his other big paw like a lid over it.

While those two, standing in the middle of the floor, were exchanging a few inaudible phrases no one else moved in the room: Laspara, with his

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back to us, kneeling on the chair, his elbows propped on the big scale map, the shadowy enormity in the corner, the frankly staring man with the goatee on the sofa, the woman in the red blouse by his side—not one of them stirred. I suppose that really they had no time, for Miss Haldin withdrew her hand immediately, and before I was ready for her was moving to the door. A disregarded Westerner, I threw it open hurriedly and followed her out, my last glance as I was closing the door leaving them all motionless in their varied poses. Peter Ivanovitch alone standing up, with his dark glasses like an enormous blind teacher, and behind him the vivid patch of light on the colored map pored over by the diminutive Laspara.

Later on, much later on, at the time of the newspaper rumors (they were vague and soon died out) of an abortive military conspiracy in Russia, I remembered the glimpse I had of that motionless group with its central figure. Planned as an attempt to seize power, it was to break out at a great review. No details ever came out, but it was known that the revolutionary parties abroad had given their assistance, had sent emissaries in advance, that even money was found to despatch a steamer with a cargo of arms and conspirators. And while my eyes scanned the imperfect disclosures (in which the world was not much interested), I thought that the old settled Europe had been given in my person attending that Russian girl something like a glimpse behind the scenes. A short, strange glimpse on the top floor of a great hotel of all places in the world: the great man himself, the motionless great bulk in the corner of the slayer of spies and gendarmes; Yakovlitch, the veteran of ancient terrorist campaigns; the woman with her hair as white as mine and the lively black eyes, all in a mysterious half-light, with the strongly lighted map of Russia on the table. The woman I had the opportunity to see again. As we were waiting for the lift she came hurrying along, with her eyes fastened on Miss Haldin's face, and drew her aside as if for a confidential communication. It was not long. A few words only.

Going down in the lift Natalia Haldin did not break the silence. It was only when, out of the hotel, and as we moved along the quay in the fresh darkness spangled by the quay lights reflected in the black water of the little port on our left hand, and with lofty piles of hotels on our right that she spoke.

"That was Sofia Antonovna—you know the woman? . . ."

"Yes, I know—the famous . . ."

"The same. It appears that after we went out Peter Ivanovitch told them why I had come. That was the reason she came out after us. She named herself to me, and then she said: 'You are the sister of a brave man who shall be remembered. You may see better times.' I told her I hoped to see the time when all this would be forgotten, even if the name of my brother were to be forgotten too. Something moved me to say that—but you understand?"

"Yes," I said. "You think of the era of concord and justice. The destructors should be anonymous."

"Yes; there is too much hate and revenge in that work. It must be done. It is a sacrifice—and so let it be all the greater. Destruction is too much the work of anger. Let the tyrants and the slayers be forgotten together and only the reconstructors be remembered."

"And did Sofia Antonovna agree with you?" I asked, skeptically.

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"She did not say anything except, 'It is good for you to believe in love.' I should think she understood me. Then she asked me if I hoped to see Mr. Razumov presently. I said I trusted I could manage to bring him to see my mother this evening, as my mother had learned of his being here and was morbidly impatient to learn if he could tell us something of Victor. He was the only friend of my brother we knew of and a great intimate. She said: 'Oh, your brother—yes. Please tell Mr. Razumov that I have made known the story which came to me from St. Petersburg. It concerns your brother's arrest,' she added. 'He was betrayed by a man of the people who has since hanged himself. Please tell Mr. Razumov that Sofia Antonovna sends him her greetings. I am going away early in the morning —far away.'"

And Miss Haldin added, after a moment of silence:

"I was so moved by what I heard so unexpectedly that I simply could not speak to you before."

She walked slowly, as if tired out suddenly, her head drooped; from the windows of a building with terraces and balconies came the banal sound of hotel music. Before the low, mean portals of the Casino two red posters blazed under the electric lamps with a cheap provincial effect. And the emptiness of the quays, the deserted aspect of the streets, had an air of hypocritical respectability and of inexpressible dreariness.

I had taken for granted she had obtained the address and let myself be guided by her. On the Mont Blanc bridge, where a few dark figures seemed lost in the wide and long perspective defined by the lights, she said:

"It isn't very far from our house. I somehow thought it couldn't be. The address is Rue du Carouge. I think it may be one of those big new houses for artisans."

She took my arm confidently, familiarly, and accelerated her pace. There was something primitive in all her proceedings. She did not think of the resources of civilization. A late tram-car overtook us; a row of fiacres stood by the railing of the gardens. It never entered her head to make use of these conveyances. Neither did it enter mine. She was too hurried, perhaps; and as to myself—well, she had taken my arm confidingly. As we were ascending the easy incline of the Corraterie, all the shops shuttered and no light in any of the windows (as if all the mercenary population had fled at the end of the day), she said, tentatively:

"I could run in for a moment to have a look at mother. It would not be much out of the way."

I dissuaded her. If Mrs. Haldin really expected to see Razumov that night it would have been unwise to show herself without him. The sooner we got hold of the young man and brought him along to calm her mother's agitation the better. She assented to my reasoning, and we crossed diagonally the Place du Théâtre, all gray with its floor of slabs of stone under the electric lamps, and the lonely equestrian statue, all black, in the middle. In the Rue du Carouge we were in the poorer quarters and approaching the outskirts of the town. Vacant building-plots alternated with high new houses. At the corner of a side street, cutting its unpaved roadway through a dark wilderness of waste ground, the crude light of a whitewashed shop fell into the night, fan-like, through a wide doorway. One could see from a distance the inner wall, with its scantily furnished shelves, and the deal counter painted brown. That was the house. Approaching it along the

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dark stretch of a fence of tarred planks, we saw the narrow, pallid face of the cut angle, five windows high, without a gleam in them and crowned by the heavy shadow of a jutting roof slope.

"We must inquire in the shop," Miss Haldin directed me.

A sallow, thinly whiskered man wearing a dingy white collar and a frayed tie, laid down a black, smudgy newspaper, and, leaning familiarly on both elbows far over the bare counter, answered that the person I was inquiring for was indeed his *locataire* on the third floor, but that for the moment he was out.

"For the moment," I repeated, after a glance at Miss Haldin. "Does that mean that you expect him back at once?"

He was very gentle, with ingratiating eyes and soft lips. He smiled faintly, as though he knew all about everything. Mr. Razumov, after being absent all day, had returned early in the evening. He was very surprised about half an hour or a little more ago to see him come down again. Mr. Razumov left his key, and in the course of some words which passed between them had remarked that he was going out because he needed air.

From behind the bare counter he went on smiling at us, his head held between his hands. Air! Air! But whether that meant a long or a short absence it was difficult to say. The night was very close certainly.

After a pause, his ingratiating eyes turned to the door, he added:

"The storm will drive him in."

"There's going to be a storm?" I asked.

"Why—yes!"

As if to confirm his word, we heard a very distant, deep rumbling noise.

Consulting Miss Haldin by a glance, I saw her so reluctant to give up her quest that I asked the shopkeeper, in case Mr. Razumov came home within half an hour, to beg him to remain down-stairs in the shop. We would look in again presently.

For all answer he moved his head imperceptibly. The approval of Miss Haldin was expressed by her silence. We walked slowly down the street away from the town; the low garden walls of the modest villas doomed to demolition were overhung by the boughs of trees and masses of foliage lighted from below by gas lamps. The violent and monotonous noise of the icy Arve falling over a low dam swept toward us with a chilly draught of air over a great open space where a double line of lamp-lights defined a street without houses. But on the other shore, overhung by the thunder-cloud, a solitary dim light, low in the complete darkness, seemed to watch us with a steady stare. When we had strolled as far as the bridge I said:

"We had better get back. . . ."

In the shop the sickly man was studying the smudgy newspaper, now spread out largely on the counter. He just raised his head when I looked in and shook it negatively, pursing his lips. I rejoined Miss Haldin outside at once, and we moved off at a brisk pace. She remarked that she would send Anna with a note the first thing in the morning. I respected her taciturnity, silence being, perhaps, the best way to show my concern.

The semi-rural street we followed on our return changed gradually to the usual town thoroughfare, broad and deserted. We did not meet four people altogether, and the way seemed interminable because my companion's natural anxiety had communicated itself sympathetically to me. At last

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we turned into the Boulevard des Philosophes, more wide, more empty, more dead—the very desolation of slumbering respectability. At the sight of the two lighted windows, very conspicuous from afar, I had the mental vision of Mrs. Haldin in her arm-chair keeping a dreadful tormenting vigil under the evil spell of an arbitrary rule, a victim of tyranny and revolution, a sight at once cruel and absurd.

CHAPTER XV

"You will come in for a moment?" said Natalia Haldin.

I demurred on account of the late hour. "You know mother likes you so much," she insisted.

"I will just come in to hear how your mother is."

She said, as if to herself: "I don't even know whether she will believe that I could not find Mr. Razumov, since she has taken it into her head that I am concealing something from her. You may be able to persuade her. . . ."

"Your mother may mistrust me, too," I observed.

"You! Why? What could you have to conceal from her? You are not a Russian nor a conspirator. . . ."

I felt profoundly my European remoteness, and said nothing, but I made up my mind to come in and play my part of helpless spectator to the end. The distant rolling of thunder in the valley of the Rhone was coming nearer to the sleeping town of prosaic virtues and universal hospitality. We crossed the street opposite the great, dark gateway, and Miss Haldin rang at the door of the apartment. It was opened almost instantly, as if the elderly maid had been waiting in the anteroom for our return. Her flat physiognomy had an air of satisfaction. The gentleman was there, she declared while closing the door.

Neither of us understood. Miss Haldin turned round brusquely to her. "Who?"

"Herr Razumov," she explained.

She had heard enough of our conversation before we left to know why her young mistress was going out. Therefore, when the gentleman gave his name at the door she admitted him at once.

"No one could have foreseen that," Miss Haldin murmured, with her serious gray eyes fixed upon mine. And remembering the expression of the young man's face seen not much more than four hours ago, the look as of a haunted somnambulist, I wondered with a sort of awe.

"You asked my mother first?" Miss Haldin inquired of the maid.

"No; I announced the gentleman," she answered, surprised at our troubled faces.

"Still," I said in an undertone, "your mother was prepared."

"Yes, but he has no idea . . ."

It seemed to me she doubted his tact. To her question how long the gentleman had been with her mother the maid told us that *der Herr* had been in the drawing-room no more than a short quarter of an hour.

She waited a moment, then withdrew, looking a little scared. Miss Haldin gazed at me in silence.

"As things have turned out," I said, "you happen to know exactly what your brother's friend has to tell your mother. And surely after that . . ."

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"Yes," said Natalia Haldin, slowly. "I only wonder, as I was not there when he came, if it wouldn't be better not to interrupt now."

We remained silent, and I suppose we both strained our ears, but no sound reached us through the closed door. The features of Miss Haldin expressed a painful irresolution; she made a movement as if to go in, but checked herself. She had heard footsteps on the other side of the door. It opened, and Razumov, without pausing, stepped out into the anteroom. The fatigue of that day and the struggle with himself had changed him so much that perhaps I would have hesitated to recognize that face which only a few hours before, when he brushed against me in front of the post-office, had been startling enough, but quite different. It had not been so livid then and its eyes not so somber. They certainly looked more sane now, but there was upon them the shadow of something consciously evil.

I speak of that because at first their glance fell on me, though without any sort of recognition or even comprehension. I was simply in the line of his stare. I don't know if he had heard the bell or expected to see anybody. He was going out, I believe; and I do not think that he saw Miss Haldin till she advanced toward him a step or two. Then his expression changed. He did not notice the hand she offered him.

"It's you, Natalia Viktorovna. . . . Perhaps you are surprised at this late hour. But, you see, I remembered the conversations in that garden. I thought really it was your wish that I should—without loss of time—so I came. No other reason. Simply to tell . . ."

He spoke with difficulty. I noticed that, and remembered his declaration to the man in the shop that he was going out because he "needed air." If that was his object, then it was clear that he had miserably failed. With downcast eyes and lowered head he made an effort to pick up the strangled phrase.

"To tell what I have heard myself only to-day—to-day . . ."

Through the door he had not closed I had a view of the drawing-room. It was lighted up only by a shaded lamp—Mrs. Haldin's eyes could not support either gas or electricity. It was a comparatively big room, and, in contrast with the strongly lighted anteroom, its length was lost in semi-transparent gloom backed by heavy shadows; and on that ground I saw the fine, motionless profile of Mrs. Haldin's bloodless face inclined slightly forward, with a pale hand resting on the arm of the chair.

She did not move. With the window before her, she had no longer that attitude which suggested expectation. The blind was down; and outside there was only the night sky harboring a thunder-cloud and the town indifferent and hospitable in its cold, almost scornful, toleration—a strange town of refuge to which all these sorrows and hopes were nothing. Her white head was bowed.

The thought that the real drama of autocracy is not played on the great stage of politics came to me as, fated to be a spectator, I had this other glimpse behind the scenes, something more profound than the words and gestures of the public play. I had the certitude that this mother, after having heard now all that was to be known of her son's fate, refused in her heart to give him up after all. It was more than Rachel's inconsolable mourning; it was something deeper, more inaccessible in its frightful tranquillity. Lost in the ill-defined mass of the high-backed chair, her

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white, inclined profile suggested the contemplation of something in her lap as though a beloved head were resting there.

I had this glimpse behind the scenes, and then Miss Haldin, passing by the young man, shut the door. It was not done without hesitation. For a moment I thought that she would go to her mother, but she sent in only an anxious glance. Perhaps if Mrs. Haldin had moved . . . but no. There was in the immobility of that white profile the dreadful aloofness of suffering without remedy.

Meantime the young man kept his eyes fixed on the floor. The thought that he would have to repeat the story he had told already was intolerable to him. He had expected to find the two women together. And then, he had said to himself, it would be over for all time—for all time. "It's lucky I don't believe in another world," he had thought, cynically.

Alone in his room, he had regained a certain measure of composure by writing in his secret diary. He was aware of the danger of that strange self-indulgence. He alludes to it himself, but he could not refrain. It calmed him—it reconciled him to his existence. He sat there scribbling by the light of a solitary candle till it occurred to him that, having heard the explanation of Haldin's arrest as put forward by Sofia Antonovna, it behooved him to tell these ladies himself, since they were certain to hear the tale through some other channel; and then his abstention would look strange not only to the mother and sister of Haldin, but to other people also. Having come to this conclusion, he did not discover in himself any marked reluctance to face the necessity; and very soon an anxiety to be done with it began to torment him. He looked at his watch. No, it was not absolutely too late.

He was calmed by his self-communion; that dread which had kept him for days from facing Miss Haldin was gone. He felt nothing of it, perhaps, simply for the reason that now he had a story to tell. It had been settled for him; there was nothing to do but to have it over and done with. The fact that these were women he was going to meet did not trouble him especially. As a matter of fact, he did not recognize women as women. There had been literally no feminine influence in his life. Women were human beings for him and nothing more, somewhat in the background, not to be thought of in any special way. He simply knew nothing of them in any relation; no woman had ever influenced a dream of his, taken up a moment of his time or awakened any of his dormant feelings; no thought of woman had enriched his life by a touch of amenity, of color, of reverie. It may be said that in a manner he had never seen a woman, for even Sofia Antonovna was a conspirator, a revolutionist, a dangerous person with whom he must be on his guard more than with anybody else—nothing more.

The fifteen minutes with Mrs. Haldin were like the revenge of the unknown. That white face; that weak, distinct voice; that head, at first turned to him eagerly, then after a while bowed again and motionless—in the dim, still light of the room in which his words which he tried to subdue resounded so loudly—had troubled him like some strange discovery. And there seemed to be a secret obstinacy in that sorrow, something he could not understand; at any rate, something he had not expected. Was it hostile? But it did not matter. Nothing could touch him now; in the eyes of revolutionists there was now no shadow on his past. The phantom

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of Haldin had been indeed walked over, was left behind lying powerless and passive on the pavement covered with snow. And this was the phantom's mother, consumed with grief and white as a ghost. He had felt a pitying surprise. But that, of course, was of no importance. Mothers did not matter. He could not shake off the poignant impression of that silent, quiet, white-haired woman, but a sort of sternness crept into his thoughts. These were the consequences. Well, what of it? "Am I, then, on a bed of roses?" he had exclaimed to himself, sitting at some distance with his eyes fixed upon that figure of sorrow. He had said all that he had to say to her, and when he had finished she had not uttered a word. She had turned away her head while he was speaking. The silence which had fallen on his last words had lasted for five minutes or more. What did it mean? Before its incomprehensible character he became conscious of anger in his stern mood, the old anger against Haldin reawakened by the contemplation of Haldin's mother. And was it not something like enviousness which gripped his heart as if of a privilege denied to him alone of all the men that had ever passed through this world? It was the other who had attained to repose and yet continued to exist in the affection of that mourning old woman, in the thoughts of all these people posing for lovers of humanity. It was impossible to get rid of him. "It's myself that I have given up to destruction," thought Razumov. "He has induced me to do it. I can't shake him off."

Alarmed by that discovery, he got up and strode out of the silent, dim room, with its silent old woman in the chair, that mother! He never looked back. It was frankly a flight. But on opening the door he saw his retreat cut off. There was the sister. He had never forgotten the sister, only he had not expected to see her then—or ever any more perhaps. He had looked upon her as out of the way, somewhere within, avoided for good. Her presence in the anteroom was as unforeseen as the apparition of her brother had been. Razumov gave a start as though he had discovered himself cleverly trapped. He tried to smile, but could not manage it, and lowered his eyes. "Must I repeat that silly story now?" he asked himself, and felt a sinking sensation. Nothing solid had passed his lips since the day before, but he was not in a state to analyze the origins of his weakness. He meant to take up his hat and depart with as few words as possible, but Miss Haldin's swift movement to shut the door took him by surprise. He half turned after her, but without raising his eyes, passively, just as a feather might stir in the disturbed air. The next moment she was back in the place she had started from with another half-turn on his part, so that they came again into the same relative positions.

"Yes, yes," she said, hurriedly. "I am very grateful to you, Kirylo Sidorovitch, for coming at once—like this . . . only I wish I had . . . Did mother tell you?"

"I wonder what she could have told me that I did not know before," he said, obviously to himself, but perfectly audibly. "Because I *did* know it," he added louder, as if in despair. "I always knew it."

He raised his head then. He had such a strong sense of Natalia Haldin's presence that to look at her he felt would be a relief. It was she who had been haunting him now. He had suffered that persecution ever since she had suddenly appeared before him in the garden of the Villa Borel with an extended hand and the name of her brother on her lips.

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The anteroom, which was a larger room than is usual, contained a row of hooks on the wall nearest to the outer door, while against the wall opposite there stood a small dark table and one chair. The paper, bearing a very faint design, was all but white. The light of an electric bulb high up under the ceiling searched that clear square box into its four bare corners crudely without shadows, a strange stage for an obscure drama.

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Haldin. "What is it that you knew always?"

He raised to her his face pale, full of unexpressed suffering. But that look in his eyes of a dull, absent obstinacy which struck and surprised everybody he was talking to began to pass away. It was as though he were coming to himself in the awakened consciousness of that marvelous harmony of feature, of lines, of glances, of voice, which made of the girl before him a being so rare outside and, as it were, above the common notion of beauty. He looked at her so long that she colored slightly.

"What is it that you knew?" she repeated, vaguely.

That time he managed a smile.

"Indeed, if it had not been for a word of greeting or two I would doubt whether your mother is aware at all of my existence. You understand."

Natalia Haldin nodded; her hands moved slightly by her side.

"Yes. Is it not heart-breaking? She has not shed a tear yet—not a single tear . . ."

"Not a tear! And you, Natalia Viktorovna? You have been able to cry?"

"I have. And then I am young enough, Kirylo Sidorovitch, to believe in the future. But when I see my mother so terribly distracted I almost forget everything. I ask myself whether one should feel proud—or only resigned. We had such a lot of people coming to see us. There were utter strangers who wrote asking for permission to call to present their respects. It was impossible to keep our door shut forever. You know Peter Ivanovitch himself . . . Oh yes, there was much sympathy, but there were persons who exulted openly at that death. Then when I was left alone with poor mother all this seemed so wrong in spirit, something not worth the price she is paying for it. But directly I heard you were here in Geneva, Kirylo Sidorovitch, I felt that you were the only person who could assist me . . ."

"In comforting a bereaved mother? Yes!" he broke in in a manner which made her open her clear, unsuspecting eyes. "But there is a question of fitness. Has this occurred to you?"

There was a breathlessness in his utterance which contrasted with the monstrous hint of mockery in his intention.

"Why," whispered Natalia Haldin, with feeling. "Who more fit than you?"

He had a convulsive movement of exasperation, but controlled himself.

"Indeed! Directly you heard I was in Geneva before even seeing me? It is another proof of that confidence which . . ."

This was angry mockery, but all at once his tone changed, became more incisive and more detached.

"Men are poor creatures, Natalia Viktorovna. They have no intuition of sentiment. In order to speak fittingly to a mother of her lost son one must have had some experience of the filial relation. It is not the case

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with me—if you must know the whole truth. Your hopes have to deal here with "a breast unwarmed by any affection," as the poet says. . . . That does not mean it is insensible," he added in a lowered tone.

"I am certain your heart is not unfeeling," said Miss Haldin, softly.

"No, it is not as hard as a stone," he went on in the same lowered, introspective voice and looking as if his heart were lying as heavy as a stone in that unwarmed breast of which he spoke. "No, not so hard. But how to prove what you give me credit for—ah, that's another question. No one has ever expected such a thing from me before. No one whom my tenderness would have been of any use to. And now you come. You! Now! No, Natalia Viktorovna. It's too late. You come too late. You must expect nothing from me."

(To be Continued)

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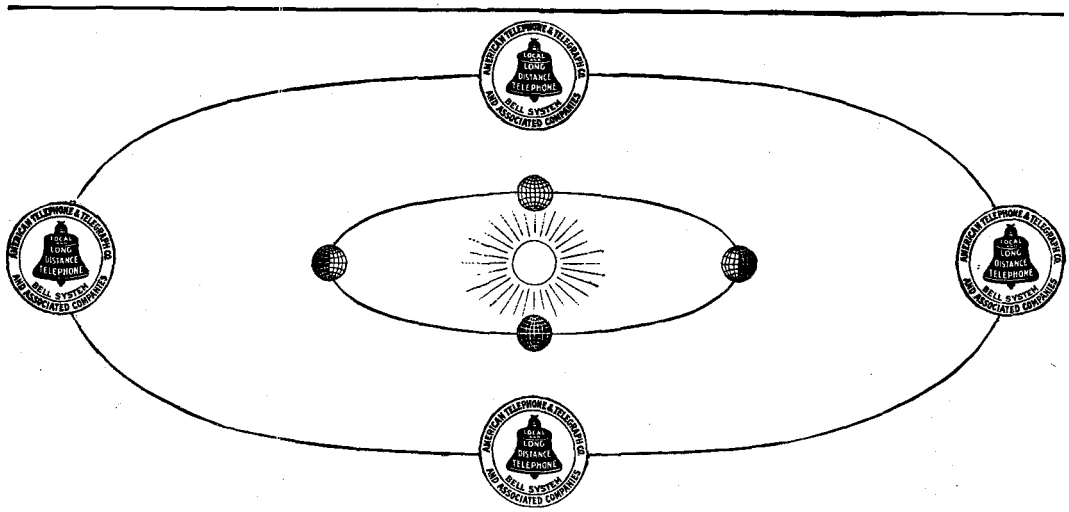

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